



LOOKING FORWARD

▶▶ ONE OF THE MOST interesting speculations about mankind is that one which conceives of us as able to live only through our unconscious ability to shut out those things which, if perceived, or felt, or heard, would inevitably kill us.

▶▶ THE RADIO is the modern example of this probably very ancient theory. If a man could hear at one and the same time all the vibrations, all the sounds which come through his house on the wave lengths of the radio, the crashing noise would kill him. So with all perceptions of the future, of the past and of the present. Our perceptions of life and of our universe are limited in order to save not only our reason but our physical structure. We live only because of the order of things.

▶▶ SOME SUCH FEAR, perhaps, is at the bottom of the ordinary man's distrust of mediums, researches by psychical societies, metaphysical speculations and all departures from what is commonly termed the normal. It accounts perhaps for the obstinate manner in which we cling to the doctrine of moderation in all things as being the wisest course in life. Self preservation requires that we hew close to the line of our nature. If we lean too heavily in any given direction, we may blow up.

▶▶ POSSIBLY this is why one of civilized man's strongest necessities seems to be the one to reduce confusion to order. Let him enlarge his view so that confusion enters and instantly he cannot rest until the new advance is reduced to order and made the basis for further steps.

▶▶ IN FACT, it seems fair to say that no matter how complicated science and invention, psychology or mathematics—or even international arms conferences—may render humanity's existence, the feeling that our life itself may grow too complicated to be borne is not a justifiable one. Man holds within himself the solution to that problem—his necessity for order.

Francis Rufus Bellamy

VOLUME 154

NUMBER 15

Outlook

and Independent

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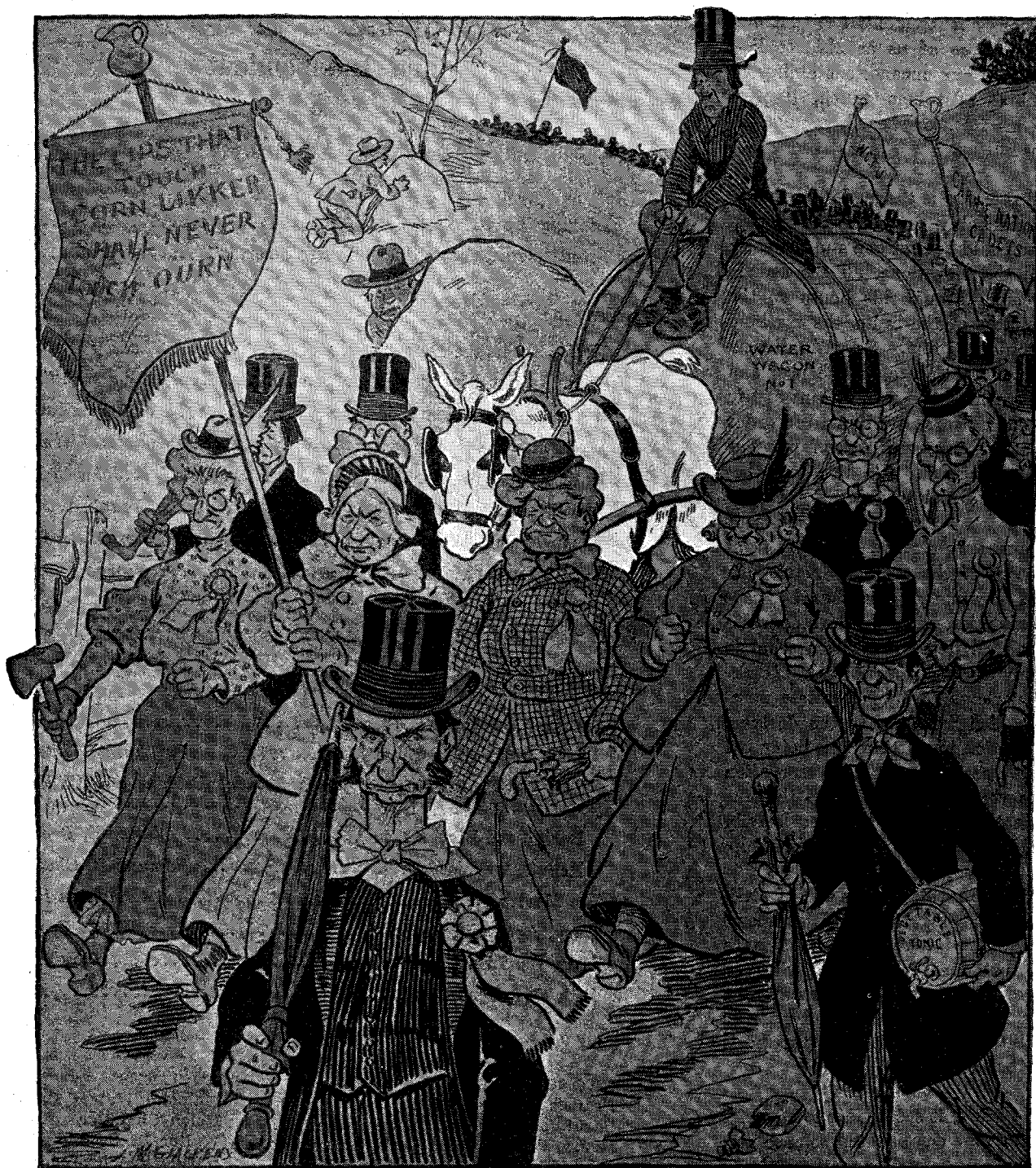
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The Outlook and Independent is indexed in the Readers' Guide to periodical Literature



THE OUTLOOK AND INDEPENDENT, April 9, 1930. Volume 154, Number 15. Published weekly by The Outlook Company, at 120 East 16th Street, New York, N. Y. Pres. Francis Rufus Bellamy; Vice-Pres. Harrison B. Freeman; Treas. Rodman Gilder; Sec'y, Harold T. Pulsifer. Subscription price \$5.00 a year. Single copies 15 cents each. Foreign subscription to countries in the Postal Union, \$6.56. Entered as second-class matter July 21, 1893, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., and July 20, 1928, at the Post Office at Springfield, Mass., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1930, by the Outlook Company.



"MARCHING THROUGH GEORGIA"
From "Puck," January 15, 1908

Outlook

and Independent

April 9, 1930

▶▶ With Ella in the Desert ◀◀

A Portrait of the W. C. T. U. Leader

By STANLEY WALKER

IN ADMITTEDLY unregenerate New York, mention of the name of Ella A. Boole, if it evokes any recognition at all, brings merely the cruel, impatient sneer which evil men have for a woman who would make them good against their wills.

If these flouters of the law only knew more about the lady, if they understood more of her peculiar tenacity and her unflagging crusading spirit, if they could walk through the political graveyard and read the record of the passing of some of her ancient enemies, they would gulp their bootleg with less assurance. Mrs. Boole is national president of the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union, whose chapters dot America from Rouse's Point to Tia Juana, from Seattle to Key West, and who have spread their influence throughout the world, in every place where grog dulls the wits of men, in every clime where alcoholic brutes stagger home to beat their wives.

The voice of Mrs. Boole has been heard in the Swiss Alps, across the bleak, foggy moors of Scotland, and in many other places where she has found situations that cried for remedy. Her messages, trenchant and eloquent, have had their audiences in the port of Sydney, in the broad wheatlands of Saskatchewan and among the hard-drinking Nordics along the fjords. A woman to be scoffed at? Not by a million jugsful. On her is draped the mantle of Frances E. Willard; to millions of women she is the champion of sobriety, if not actually prophet of the millenium.

Orator, lecturer, pamphleteer, organ-

The subject of this portrait has a formidable record of achievement, and she is still a powerful fighter at the age of seventy-one. This brief survey of her life and works is worth the attention of her opponents. Mr. Walker is a New York newspaper man

izer, high-powered executive, feminist, mother—she is all these, but it is as a lobbyist, an applier of pressure where pressure will do the most good, that her talents begin to show the hall mark of genius. She has made legislatures whimper. When lobbying has been less effective than she wished, she has gone on the stump with her own candidacy. In 1920, failing to defeat James W. Wadsworth for the Republican nomination for United States Senator from New York, she ran against him on the Prohibition ticket and polled 150,000 votes. "Send a Mother to the Senate" was her battle cry. Wadsworth was elected that time, but when he came up six years later for re-election Mrs. Boole aided in the Republican split which retired the able but wet and formerly anti-suffrage Wadsworth to private life. Hardly a state but has felt her influence against men whom she and her army conceived to be the enemies of the aroused righteousness of the women of America.

There is about her none of the hatchet-faced cruelty of the harridan professional reformer of the cartoons. She is a motherly, pleasant-faced person, and she is seventy-one years old. The little girl who was born in Van Wert, Ohio, in July of 1858, has come a long way. While droves of her cocktail sipping sisters have gone to their

eternal doom, Ella Alexander Boole apparently has grown both in grace and stamina. Last October she made more than thirty speeches in a tour of the West; she was the headliner at eight state W. C. T. U. conventions. She traveled 7,500

miles and didn't even have a headache. A day or so after she returned to New York, she slipped and fell in the subway station at Union Square and fractured her right arm. Did she whimper, create a scene or call an ambulance? Not a bit of it. She simply caught the next train for home, called a physician and continued her work. A triumph for clean living. She attends to her voluminous correspondence, as well as the preparation of W. C. T. U. bulls, in her home at 377 Parkside Avenue, Brooklyn.

The more important pronouncements are sent to Evanston, Illinois, the national headquarters, from which central front they are distributed where they will do the most good. Mrs. Boole has an efficient secretary, a woman, to whom she dictates with remarkable rapidity and precision. She makes good money, and earns it, but such luxuries as an automobile are not for her. She gladly walks three blocks to a subway station. She takes no particular exercise and adheres to no particular diet. She is, however, squeamish about too much coffee, and usually confines herself to a cup for breakfast.

She lives in a substantial house, like many others in the same block, on a quiet street in a borough which is part of the wettest city in America. There are women on similar quiet streets in

New York, and good women in nice homes in many another street in this country, to whom Mrs. Boole is not only boss but a white-ribboned goddess who rides forth on a snowy charger to tilt against the tricky, inscrutable forces of the Devil.

To these motherly women Mrs. Boole is a guiding prophet, a moral Napoleon. The 600,000 members of the white-ribboned band follow her to the polls with the dignity and precision of soldiers going to battle for their king.

THE MORAL BANNER, patterned in Brooklyn, waves as a pillar of purifying fire over 10,000 communities. Mrs. Boole's position as benevolent dictator of this far-flung army is secure. Her security in that rôle is a tribute to her genius of organization. Technically the W. C. T. U. is a democratic organization. In its operation it is a centralized unit. Guiding at the helm is Mrs. Boole. Under her is a staff of efficient workers in Evanston. The national organization rests soundly on forty-eight state units. Each state group is divided into districts. Each state and district has its officers, subalterns and privates.

The state units take their orders from the national organization. From there the war on rum goes out to the small groups in the districts and individual communities. The president is selected by a national convention. Delegates are chosen by each of the state bodies. Nominally the election of officers is on a purely Democratic basis. Mrs. Boole was re-elected unanimously at the last national convention, held last September in Indianapolis. Her popularity and motherly efficiency probably will keep her in that office as long as she desires to retain it.

The practical efficiency of these moral warriors was demonstrated in the last Presidential election. Alfred E. Smith was pictured in half a million homes as a tippler and a conniver with mysterious booze interests. Mr. Hoover was labelled with a white-ribbon. Political ranks followed for generations were smashed in the stampede to follow Mrs. Boole's banner. This efficient and militant organization was responsible, in a large way, for Mr. Hoover's sweeping victory. Subalterns and privates in Mrs. Boole's organization take orders and execute them.

Hoover is her particular hero. During the Smith-Hoover campaign she said: "The W. C. T. U. is virtually unanimous in favor of Herbert Hoover

for President. The election of Mr. Hoover will mean that prohibition has been sustained; a vote for Mr. Smith is a vote to indorse his principles." It seems that she regarded Mr. Hoover as peculiarly fitted for the Presidency because, as Mrs. Boole expressed it in a generous Christian-like sentence, "his brain will be free of the fumes of alcohol." She called upon the women of America to get down on their knees on the night before election and pray for the defeat of Al Smith.

The father of Mrs. Ella Alexander Boole was Col. Isaac N. Alexander, at one time United States Attorney for the Northern District of Ohio. She grew up in an atmosphere in which the law was sacrosanct. Even now it is difficult to stump her on a point of law; she has studied certain phases of law for fifty years, for she needs it in her business. She attended high school in Van Wert, Ohio, and then went to Wooster College, at Wooster, Ohio. She was graduated in 1878, one of the three women in a class of twenty-eight, the youngest person, up to that time, ever to receive a degree from that institution. In her junior year there she won the oratorical prize with an effort entitled "Signs of the Times," vanquishing eight men who had the hardihood to compete against her. After her graduation as salutatorian of her class, Ella Alexander went back to Van Wert, where for five years she was an inspiration to the boys and girls in high school.

"While teaching there," she says, "I originated the oral method of teaching natural science. I first discovered my talent for public speaking there, when I found that I had the gift of making my pupils enthusiastic, whether we were discussing cube root, ancient history or natural science. During that period I formed a large collection of insects. Natural science always has been my hobby. Teaching Sunday School was another hobby of mine. I taught a large class while I was living in Van Wert."

Little old Van Wert, for all its charm, could not hold such a woman. News of her oratorical ability spread. In 1883 she was lecturing at a teachers' institute, conducted in connection with a Chautauqua, in Rome City, Indiana, when she met the Reverend William H. Boole, a Methodist preacher from Brooklyn, who happened to be out in Rome City lecturing on temperance. They were married July 3, 1883, and the girl genius from Ohio moved to New York.

The Reverend Mr. Boole became pastor

of the Willett Street Methodist Church, near the tough Bowery district. The neighborhood simply reeked with saloons. There Mrs. Boole became convinced of the necessity of prohibition work, and she organized the first chapter of the W. C. T. U. ever to exist in that section. Alas, even today that district is wet, and not a bit more moral than it should be.

In those days the W. C. T. U. was slowly dying of anemia and lack of co-ordination. Mrs. Boole was a born organizer, and she was curiously persuasive. Her efforts brought about a compact organization, and in 1897 she was made state president. From then on her progress in the organization was steady.

The Reverend Mr. Boole died in 1897. His widow, who back in Ohio had been a Presbyterian, retreated to her girlhood faith and in 1903 became corresponding secretary of the Board of Home Missions of the Presbyterian Church of the United States, which was a good job.

For six long years Mrs. Boole's chief interests were centered in home mission work, but the lure of the white-ribboned brigade was too strong, and in 1909 she forsook the missions to become president of the New York State W. C. T. U. She held that position until 1925; from 1914 until 1925 she was vice-president at large of the National W. C. T. U. She was treasurer of the World W. C. T. U. from 1920 to 1925, and now, in addition to being president of the national body, she is vice-president of the World organization, a network of ladies whose activities penetrate fifty-one nations.

MRS. BOOLE, long accustomed to subverting the wiles of the liquor interests, has been charged with excessive dogmatism. It has been said that she makes positive, sweeping assertions about matters of which she knows nothing. True, she admits that she never has been in a speakeasy, but she holds them to be far less evil than the old corner saloon. She never has made a survey, but she doubts the estimate of Grover A. Whalen, police commissioner, that there are 32,000 speakeasies in New York. In a recent interview she said that "a dozen men now get a quart of whiskey, say they get drunk on it, and then boast about it." This practice, of course, is vastly different from that of the horrible old pre-prohibition days, when a couple of pals would get a quart, consume it over the period of a few hours, and then be only mildly jingled.

Following are some of the pertinent quotations from Mrs. Boole, culled from

many sources and from the lady herself, which give an excellent summary of her outlook upon the curse of drinking and how the ladies have almost cured it.

From a recent interview:

"It is the society people who are doing the drinking now. They seem to think they can't have a good time without patronizing a bootlegger. It is possible for them to have a good time without drinking wine or beer. There are cocktails without alcohol that will do better than those containing liquor. New York is the wettest place in the country, but it is drier than it was before prohibition. When we get rid of Tammany and political interference, the speakeasy will be doomed."

From a speech before a legislative committee at Albany in 1915 in support of a state-wide prohibition bill, an effort which moved more than one Senator to tears:

"My heart goes out to the woman whose husband comes home drunk. In New York City today there are thousands of men who have lost their jobs through drink, and their wives and children are starving. In an even more pitiable plight are the families of men in prisons because of crimes they were driven to by liquor."

From a letter written in April, 1927, replying to a Congressman who repeated Lincoln's quip about wishing his other generals drank the same brand of whiskey that Grant did:

"Times have changed a good deal since Lincoln's day, but we have it on good authority that Mr. Lincoln realized the harm that came from the use and abuse of intoxicating liquors and it is doubtful if he ever made the statement you attribute to him."

From a proclamation in June, 1929, soon after Henry Virkula, a citizen driving with his family in a car that contained no liquor, was shot to death by an enforcement officer at International Falls, Minnesota:

"We of the W. C. T. U. do not justify the taking of human life, but we believe that the enforcement of prohibition has been acting through the orderly process of law. If a life is taken in defense against robbery, to prevent murder, it is called justifiable homicide."

From a speech delivered in August, 1926, in Thief River Falls, Minnesota:

"Our researches prove that alcohol is the largest single contributor to premature death, and that prohibition has made America the healthiest country on earth. The nation's death rate is ten per cent lower than ever before, with mortality from tuberculosis cut almost to a third of what it was."

From a speech in 1927 in Chicago:

"Our members are urged to make violations of the Volstead law bad form."

tions simply live in a chronic state of mild alcoholism, with the resulting injury of brain and body."

From an interview, a tribute to her keen observation, which is good any time:

"Reports of drinking orgies at colleges are greatly exaggerated. Most of the drinking at football games is done by the old grads. The young people are drinking less all of the time."

From an ordinary dictum:

"The so-called wine at the feast of Cana was not fermented."

Mrs. Boole has made several jabs at department stores which sell cocktail shakers and other gadgets which are useful in preparing various combinations which not only are bad for people but which also encourage people to flaunt the Constitution. Unfortunately, commercial greed, and a loophole in the law, prevented her from getting very far with this fight. Her idea now is to make drinking, or the serving of alcoholic beverages, such bad form that nobody but a confirmed lout, boor or social outcast will indulge in it. To achieve this salutary end she has approved a great number of non-alcoholic drinks which she says are little short of wonderful.

The theory that non-alcoholic drinks can be as good as illegal tipples, long upheld by Mrs. Boole, recently was put forth by Dr. James M. Doran, head of prohibition enforcement of the Treasury Department. Dr. Doran placed his approval upon several recipes, recommending them to Americans who are both thirsty and law-abiding.

The doctor came very close to plagiarism, for Mrs. Boole, in her stirring tome, *Give Prohibition a Chance*, lists some delightful concoctions which, though there isn't a kick in a barrel, will slake the human thirst better than the flat stuff one gets from a hydrant. Witness what she calls a mint julep:

- 5 lemons
- 1 bunch fresh mint
- 1½ cups sugar
- ½ cup water
- 3 bottles ginger ale

Combine ingredients except ginger ale and let stand one-half hour. Add

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Underwood

"A MOTHERLY, PLEASANT FACED PERSON"

A recent photograph of Ella A. Boole

Gin drinking at tables, for instance, is as bad as eating peas with a knife. It's bad form because it flaunts the Constitution."

From a tribute to the Lone Eagle following his flight to France:

"Lindbergh's wonderful endurance was due to the fact that he always has been a total abstainer."

From a scientific interview in 1927:

"Beer, wine and whiskey drinkers all have their special characteristics. Wine drinkers can usually be picked out by a high spot of color on either cheek-bone. The oft-repeated statement that there is no drunkenness in France is silly propaganda. Liquor drinking popula-

Spain Is Not Like That

By HENRY ALBERT PHILLIPS

The author, having lived in Spain for a year, finds that his pre-knowledge of the country was woefully inaccurate. He presents here a revised estimate, including incidentally a high tribute to the late Primo de Rivera. Mr. Phillips is an American journalist, and the author of a number of books dealing with foreign lands and peoples

IN SPAIN one must always look backward in order to see forward. It seems grossly unfair then to enter into any serious discussion of modern Spain without a preface. For both Spain and her activities—especially within the eventful past decade—either have not been understood at all, or have been largely misunderstood.

My own pre-knowledge of Spain, for example—and largely that of my generation—was the development of a series of sub-conscious inferences. Mention Spain and a jumbled train of concepts quickly took fire and exploded, leaving an incinerated mass of conclusions: The Land of Romance . . . Castles in Spain! . . . Castanets, mantillas, bullfights. But when it came to Spaniards, I was skeptical; Spain's claim to the discovery of America was clouded by the fact that Columbus was an Italian. . . . Pizarro was treacherous and cruel. . . . The Spanish Armada I considered a Popish attempt to snuff out Protestantism. . . . The Inquisition and the Auto da Fe epitomized the cruel and intolerant Spain that sent over General Weyler, "The Butcher!" and caused us to join in the shout of "Cuba Libre!" . . . Followed by "Remember the Maine!" and War. . . . Our unspeakable enemy, viewed by me as a small boy in the garish light of the bursting rockets of patriotic prejudice . . . the villain of contemporary drama and fiction . . . !

Spain was further misinterpreted by frequent newspaper readings of the comic opera misbehaviors of Spanish American Republics. From other reports, I gathered that the Spaniards were a quick-tempered, cruel and treacherous race; that both towns and people were dirty; that Spanish cookery was both hot and bad; that train service was terrible and highways out of the question for motor travel.

And now, after having lived for a year in Spain, I have found that every one of these allegations when saddled with blanket indiscrimination upon the whole of Spain, to be grossly in error. Spain is not that way at all.

A knowledge of Spain, then, built up from nationalistic misconceptions and misjudgments, makes for a consensus of ignorance many times denser than

total unacquaintance with a country. Nor is this ignorance of the true essence, nature and humanity of the people behind the wall of the Pyrenees confined to the people of the United States. Furthermore, this state of unknowingness on the part of foreigners is aided and abetted on every hand by the Spaniards themselves by their nature and temperament, by their traditions and by their ignorance of the effective use of propaganda. All of these have had an important bearing, both internal and external, upon the political and economic development and its progress—or the want of it—in the more recent dramatic march of events.

This brings us to a topographical, and also a racial, truth, that is both baffling and repellant to the foreigner, causing their perpetual misunderstanding; it is likewise cramping to the people themselves, hampering their expansion and intercommunication. I refer to the *walls of Spain*, that have held back progress and held in medievalism, that both made and unmade the late Dictator, Primo de Rivera, halted in mid-career the greatest forward impulse in Spain's history, and at the same time thwarted the certain revolutions that would have occurred a hundred times over in any other Spanish-blooded country.

The moment I entered Spain I became conscious of the ubiquitous walls. Wherever I went, I not only saw but felt them. I was walled out! It was not only the endless—and for the most part forbidding, blank and ugly—facades of most of the ordinary buildings, but also viewless walls that separated me from the inner lives of the people. In time, however, I made the inevitable discovery that every loiterer in Spain makes in his own way, that behind every wall there is a patio. A glowing center of life and emotion, a place of flowers and fountains—and oftentimes of hospitality, provided you do not push your way in, but by some

friendly countersign are invited. It takes such a comingling to erase the bad and false impressions one gets from outside the walls.

The walls and patios of Spain are not confined to the home and the family, however.

The nobility, the government, the royal family and even God, each is sequestered in its particular sanctuary apart from the contact and the gaze of the world outside itself, each living a separate inner life, observing private rites and attended as it were by its traditional servants, courtiers, priests and peers.

The walls and the patios of Spain then may be taken as a symbol of the baffling character and inner life of the Spanish people. Centuries of intense seclusion and exclusion have inbred a sensitive self-sufficiency and overdeveloped individualism that abhors outside contacts of whatsoever character. Each patio unit is organic and quite content with and within itself. In my opinion, the ultimate personal defeat of Primo de Rivera may be laid at the door of this national characteristic.

In isolated Spain we have the most individualistic of European nations, which is both natural and logical when we take into account the heritage of an Arabic mixture and civilization, upon which has been superimposed the imperative seal of medievalism still held down hard and fast by the powerful hand of the Church. The Spaniard is individualistic in a radically different manner from our individualistic American, however. We are individualistic in a substantial and calculating way, which taken with instinct and environment, a training and a flare for publicity, tends to bring any group of us toward the same conclusion when a popular key is touched. Thus we are responsive children of organized effort; unimaginative agents of mass production and organization.

The Spaniard is quite another sort. He is an organism, appealed to and motivated largely through a sensitive imagination incapable of group vision or limitations. In the little theatre of his brain he sees and is guided only by his own vision. His right hand of material things becomes deliberately di-

forced from his left hand of immaterial visions. Business deals made with the visible Spaniard, for example, are too readily discounted or broken by his visionary personality.

"I can't seem to get them down to the serious fundamentals of business," the Madrid manager of a large American firm told me. "Just when you think you have them down to the point, an entirely new vision seems to take possession of them, and the deal is off! They bid you 'Mañana!'—which, by the way, does not mean 'tomorrow' but 'in the sweet by-and-by!'—as though a business deal were a tea-party."

Thus we find the Spaniard of all classes, from high official to business man and so on down to the personal servant, notorious for doing arbitrarily what they deem fit, rather than what the common emergency requires of them.

All this is very disconcerting to other peoples not blessed—or cursed—with a double identity.

This individual and collective indifference to the common cause is the besetting sin of Spain where progress is concerned; and its negative virtue lies in their failure to be diverted or to "get together" in sufficient numbers to support a "revolution." For the people are forever gazing backward toward a brilliant past of the day before yesterday, instead of reasoning and working toward an even fairer tomorrow.

This national trait is not confined to their relations with foreigners. Their indifference at the funeral (which I witnessed) of the Queen-Mother—whom they are supposed to have loved beyond any one else in Spain—was almost ludicrous. Their indifference in the presence of King Alfonso was only a shade less so. Their indifference to municipal laws and officers amounts to impertinence. The Dictator's or-

dinances against smoking in certain places, spitting, swearing were deliberately disobeyed by at least half of the people, just because they had been forbidden to do these things. And yet they are by no means a criminal people, for I never saw a public act of violence during my year in Spain, although they will deliberately disobey the Americanized traffic regulations and argue with a policeman.

Such a race is incapable of a headlong or simultaneous revolution, and is

Barcelona, rose up and seized the nation in the mailed fist of a dictator. Having within himself nearly all the virtues that the modern Spaniard peculiarly lacks, he set about what has now proved an almost hopeless task, of transforming the wasteful and slothful vanity of a race of individuals in their past into a progressive and united nation intent on its future.

The first time I saw Primo de Rivera was at the height of his career; the incident was typical of the man, of the

people and of the relationship between the two. On taking the train at Seville for Cordova, at each station I noticed groups of natives gathered who peered cautiously into the last coach of our train. But not until we reached Cordova did I learn who the distinguished passenger was or find anything like a formal reception staged to meet the most powerful figure in Spain. A martial reception such as one would find awaiting Mussolini in Italy, for example, was nowhere in evidence. There had been a single scattering shout of greeting that barely approached enthusiasm, followed by occasional cheers. There seemed little doubt that de Rivera was their acknowledged national

leader, but obviously they did not hail him as their national hero as well. Rivera had none of the Mussolini bearing or overbearing; rather he was almost gracious in his manner. He acknowledged the reception by raising his rusty brown soft hat. In his light-grey lounging suit he had all the look and air of a prosperous business man; always serene with a walled-in reserve and a far-seeing something in his eyes that bespoke underlying sagacity, force and energy. Within a couple of minutes he was actually mingling with the crowd that had pressed forward.

It is a mistaken idea to suppose that



A GATEWAY OF SEVILLE

Dry-point by Sidney Tushingham

reasonably safe for despotism or dictatorship. The walls of tradition and indifference and their deep-rooted individualism made progress or well-organized effort well-nigh impossible. For centuries, while slowly decaying, Spain glorified in this stagnant self-hypnotism.

In July, 1923, when Spain seemed about to topple over into the abyss of its own hollow visions, a truly great Spaniard, a man of energy and force, of imagination as well as vision to carry it out, and a product of French military efficiency—one Don Miguel, Marquess de Estrella, then Governor-General of

General Primo de Rivera seized the Spanish government in a mere lust for power. Rivera was primarily a reformer, a modern Cervantes, whose single touch of romance was a dream to put Spain back on the map of Europe by modern means. His desire was to save his native land from yawning bankruptcy and disintegration and put her on a sound business footing. To break down the walls of the Moorish and medieval patios that began at the Pyrenees! No man could have courted the cordial hatred of the whole of Spain more readily than by threatening to tear down its sacred walls.

Two seemingly insuperable tasks faced the Dictator—and were successfully encompassed—that are at this writing once again threatening the Monarchy bereft of his strong and sagacious leadership. The first was the Moroccan situation, long a scandal. At a terrible cost perhaps—yet no greater than Spain had been paying periodically for the past century in men, money and graft—de Rivera settled the Moroccan-Rif question. The second problem was the Separatist movement. Catalonia (the Catalonians claim to have no Spanish blood in their veins) was on the verge of revolution and secession, with incendiary flames of rebellion burning their way into the northern provinces. Spain's strongest monarchs had never dared to press these malcontents too far. Rivera not only put them down but turned the warped energies of all in the direction of a united Spain. A third and no less aggravating problem that faced the Dictator—and which he almost wiped out—was graft. Graft had come to honey-comb the political and business transactions of practically every class throughout the monarchy. Tradition at work again. Noble families for centuries had had "theirs" handed to them on golden platters. Now, strangely deprived of their rich "gravy," they were ready to pit their wealth and power against such a tyrant.

I heard of one delightful case of ex-

posure that is illustrative of them all. The Premier looked skeptically over the salary-list of a certain governmental department. He issued a formal invitation for the department head to present himself at a given hour next day. Not only was his small office crowded but the many gentlemen holding down this one-man job half-filled the hallway outside! As a high-officer in the Army, de Rivera had had a thorough schooling in the bureaucracy of military "milking." The Army was perpetually plotting against him, be-

what not to do, prevented them from rising and smiting this upstart and tyrant. This meddler, who plastered warnings on their town walls and even in their street cars that they "... must not blaspheme, under a penalty of 5 to 50 pesetas!" Caramba! They must not even spit!—a universal accomplishment and a conversational accompaniment. They must not gamble—except in the State Lottery! Actually daring to suggest to them what they should eat, drink, wear and what time they should go to bed! Tyrant!

Meddler in their precious patios! Hands off their personality, their traditions! The only Bill of Rights they care about—the stolid, inviolable walls housing their sacred traditions. It was the counterpart of our own Prohibition, except that the Spaniards as a nation are not politically indifferent; they are unconcerned about government until it pinches some local, even domestic, issue. And yet as much as they hated him—especially the Andalusians—one morn-



A SPANISH CHRISTENING
Dry-point by W. Russell Flint

cause they felt that he had betrayed them by cutting out the opportunity for further Army graft after he had feathered his own nest.

Dictator de Rivera was mistakenly likened to Dictator Mussolini. As a matter of fact the two men and their methods were diametrically opposite. De Rivera was a lone pine, with everything and everybody figuratively and literally against him. He had little of the personal magnetism and inspirational qualities that have played so large a part in Mussolini's success. He made no attempt to rouse the ancient spirit and pride of his people through their imagination, knowing his people's failings in this direction too well and that it would be fatal to progress.

There is little doubt but that Spain admired de Rivera and the more intelligent grievously miss him today. Only their ingrained individualism that precluded organized effort and abhorred any one—on the pattern of de Rivera himself—telling them what to do or

ing I found the Plaza de San Fernando in Seville glutted with 50,000 Sevillanos who had been asked by the then government for a vote of confidence. Only ten per cent of them could read or write, the balance filed up and told a teller, who wrote down their names, that they approved of this tyrant de Rivera!

The Church distrusted de Rivera, the nobles envied him and forced the King to go on record officially as his enemy, although I am of the opinion that privately the King thanked him from the bottom of his heart for all he had done for Spain and personally dreaded to have him resign. For the first time all these powerful yet petty forces were united against de Rivera.

Now, with de Rivera dead, these factions are unleashed to tear each other to pieces. The Communists and the Separatists, the Socialists and the Anarchists, the Monarchists and the Militarists, whom the Dictator had put

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Reparations—Sunny Side Up

By T. R. YBARRA

OWEN YOUNG, originator of the Young Plan, Gates McGarrah, recently nominated head of the International Bank created by the Young Plan, and Hans Luther, head of the German Reichsbank, which plays an important rôle in the Young Plan, all have a sense of humor.

Which is a good omen for Reparations. Up to now collecting from Germany the fine imposed on her by the Allies on account of the War has been a grim and smileless business—though Dawes, sponsor of the Dawes Plan, found time to joke between puffs of the Reparations pipe. In the offices of the Agent-General for Reparations Payments at Berlin, where the bulk of the work of collecting from Germany and remitting the money collected out of Germany was done, it is the firm conviction of the writer that nobody was ever known to smile. S. Parker Gilbert, the Agent-General, did his super-bailiff's duties in a mood of appalling seriousness, and so did every one of those associated with him. The building in which they toiled—a heavy, very Prussian sort of building—became, during their tenancy, as melancholy as a monastery. Gilbert and his fellow-monks of Reparations used to shuffle sadly along its gloomy corridors, seemingly adding up long columns of figures in their heads, while their lips moved silently over abstruse calculations—telling the beads of economic rosaries, as it were, and murmuring financial prayers.

An irreverent American resident of Berlin used to call the building where Gilbert and his staff did their solemn labors "the Aquarium."

"Come on, let's go over to the Aquarium," he was wont to say, "and see what the fishes are doing." And another had the audacity to remark, after reading one of the solemn statements issued periodically by Gilbert, that what he needed was a Sullivan.

Now, however, with Owen Young, Gates McGarrah and Hans Luther on the reparations job, it is a safe bet that smiles will light up the gloomy reaches of reparations, without impairing the proper working of the scheme for collecting from Germany.

When Owen Young visited Berlin a few years ago, the Dawes Plan was very new and very gloomy. But he

lost no time in having a laugh. The American newspaper correspondents gathered to interview him with appropriately smileless faces—they had become accustomed to going around to see Parker Gilbert and checking their smiles at the door. But Young upset all their preconceived ideas of what he would be like. Instead of ladling out cold facts and deadly figures, he told them of a serious setback he had just received in a practice sparring bout with the German language.

"I consider it my duty to make a careful study of German industries," he said, "so, when I saw something in a German newspaper, headed 'Potash,' I told a secretary to clip it out and file it away for future reference. But when I referred to that clipping I found that it was a review of a film based on 'Potash and Perlmutter!' 'Potash,' in German, isn't Potash at all—it's Kali! German is a funny language."

This put the correspondents in such an unexpectedly cheerful mood that what they cabled home that day was probably read by thousands of Americans who had trained their eyes to skip automatically every item connected with reparations.

Gates McGarrah also visited Berlin in the dark Dawes days. Like Owen Young, he also brought a chuckle with him. He told Parker Gilbert, the Abbot over at the Reparations Monastery, that he wanted to talk to some of the American newspaper correspondents stationed in Berlin and thus get a new angle on reparations. So two of the correspondents were picked out and invited, one by one, to lunch with McGarrah.

The first correspondent, convinced that the "all smiles abandon ye who enter here" motto of the Berlin reparations headquarters applied also to the newcomer, regaled McGarrah with a solemn monologue about post-war Germany worthy of Parker Gilbert himself. McGarrah listened politely—but he was obviously bored. The other hand-picked correspondent, a noted local wit, catching the twinkle in his host's eye, forgot all about the monastery. The talk turned to Poland, a land which, in addition to many meri-

torious qualities, also harbors a great many insects of the sort that spoil the sleep of visitors to hotels.

"What do you think of the Polish commercial situation?" asked McGarrah.

"Poland's imports will always exceed her exports," replied the correspondent.

"Why, what are her imports?"

"Insect powder," replied the wag. McGarrah roared with laughter. Common ground had been established. The lunch was a grand success.

As for Dr. Hans Luther, now head of the German Reichsbank, he was German Chancellor when the Dawes Plan closed in over Germany. But Luther, being one of the few Germans endowed with a real-honest-to-goodness sense of humor, wasn't going to let himself be depressed by any horrid mess of economics and high finance. Throughout the first months of the Plan he made joke after joke—as if there were nothing on his mind but a desire to have a good laugh. Once, when asked what he had been before becoming involved in politics, he replied:

"I will answer in the words of a famous Bavarian humorist, who, in describing a man of whom he did not think much, said:

"'He is a lawyer—and also otherwise of mediocre intellect.'"

Once Luther came to a tea at the German Foreign Office loud in praise of China.

"China is a wonderful country," he said. "The Chinese are a marvelous people. I love China. I have the highest admiration for the Chinese." Finally, somebody asked him the reason for his enthusiasm, and the Chancellor replied:

"This morning Germany received a very unfriendly note from France. She also got a huffy note from England. She also was lectured severely by Italy. There were several other communications from other countries, every one of them disagreeable, in this morning's mail. But there was nothing at all from China. I love China. I adore the Chinese."

Yes, there is sure to be some sunshine over the cheerless seas of Reparations, now that they are being navigated by Owen Young and Gates McGarrah and Hans Luther.

What Makes a Lobbyist?

By E. PENDLETON HERRING

The word "lobby," as the author points out, has become a stereotype which arouses emotional antipathy rather than sober thought. Consequently the current legislative attempts to curb lobbying have led to rather extreme definitions of lobbyists. Mr. Herring is an instructor in the Department of Government at Harvard

IT APPEARS that the time is not far distant when Congress will have to face squarely the question of regulating the lobby. Four bills have been introduced in the present Congress which aim at defining the status and controlling the activities of the so-called third House of Congress. The lobby investigation has brought the subject to public attention with particular force, although it has been broached previously in Congress time and again. Serious attempts were made in 1913 to enact regulatory legislation. Following the extensive investigation that took place then, Senator Kenyon and Representative Griffin introduced measures, though with no success. Still they persisted in subsequent sessions.

Nor has interest lapsed. In the Seventieth Congress four bills were introduced in the House and one in the Senate. In addition two Senate resolutions were proposed while a joint resolution was put before the House. The bill presented in the Senate by Mr. Caraway was passed by this body and sent on to the House of Representatives. It was here buried in committee. Senator Caraway is again trying to put his bill through at the present time. Three bills in the House are seeking the same goal. Insofar as Congress is concerned the lobby is a recognized subject for regulatory legislation. The debates upon the subject reveal little objection to the principle involved but rather to the methods suggested.

Inquiry among the lobbyists does not reveal much serious opposition to the proposed regulation. Since the great majority of the organizations in Washington that from time to time take part in legislative discussions operate in the open and have little to hide, they are willing enough to register name, objects, and expense accounts. Such associations have an established reputation, and further publicity concerning their nature is hardly necessary. These lobbyists declare that they would welcome a law disclosing the identity of the interests that oppose them. This is the case with the organized farmers. The Washington representative of the American Farm Bureau, for example, has full authority to support Senator

Caraway's bill. It is believed desirable to require the listing of the lobbyist organizations, the sources of their funds and the amounts expended in the capital. The expectation is that such a law would relieve the honest lobbyist of the disadvantages in dealing with an under-cover rival. Other opinions are that such a statute on the books would "eliminate abuses and improve conditions;" would be "helpful and desirable." Such judgments are tempered by doubts as to the possibility of reaching through any legislation the more pernicious and deceptive methods of influencing legislation. No mere listing of names can prevent connivance by self-interested parties to procure their own ends. On the whole the general attitude of the lobbyists seems to be more or less negative. They doubt the ultimate effectiveness of such a law, yet they are not actively opposed to registering should such a requirement be demanded.

A few, however, express their attitude toward the proposed bill in no uncertain terms. A law efficacious in limiting lobbyists would be "unconstitutional in its restriction upon the right of petition." Registration would excite the "purient curiosity of sensation-seekers." Such a law would be wholly "ineffective and useless." The honest lobbyist would be put to the inconvenience of abiding by the terms of the act; the rogue would ignore it by subterfuge and indirection. Nevertheless, there is something to be said for a law that makes such tactics liable to punishment. The creation of a new offense may sometimes dispose of an old abuse.

Lobby regulation, however, is not simply a matter of curbing legislative manipulators. Interests, economic and social, as wide and varied as the nation are involved; these must be allowed a hearing by one means or another. The legislative agent attempts partially to fulfill this function. Congressmen themselves cannot repudiate the task

of interest representation and relegate it to the lobby. Nor have they done so. There is a definite clique of Senators and Representatives that the American Legion can turn to for assured support when measures affecting the veterans arise. Many of these Congressmen are members of the Legion. They are in full accord with its policies. They rely on the Legion and the Legion counts upon them. There are seventeen members of Congress who are affiliated with the American Federation of Labor and there are seventeen legislators who are national councilors of the Chamber of Commerce of the U.S.A. Many others are habitual sympathizers of either organized labor or capital. Similarly the "drys" know to a man those in House and Senate upon whom they can rely.

The agricultural bloc has almost attained the dignity of an institution. Since this group came into prominence in 1921 many bills of aid to the farmer have been passed which can be directly ascribed to its power. These are outstanding instances to be sure; in lesser degree sugar, wool, coal, wheat, cotton, oil, and citrus fruits have their representatives. The predominance of a particular economic interest within a given section means that the representative from that region cannot confine his attention to the national welfare nor even to the general welfare of his district. He must also take into account the strong vocational or social elements present there. The fact is inescapable that geographic representation does not suffice in itself to cover the specialized multifarious concerns of the modern community. The Congressman is only too well aware of this. Moreover, he is ready and willing to receive the lobbyists who come to speak for these varied interests.

When, therefore, regulation is considered it is equivalent to discussing a systemization of the present informal and unofficial means for special interest representation. It is more than a mere matter of forcing the propagandist to his quietus with a bare banning of unlicensed lobbying. To restrain the bogus lobbyist is likewise to check the bona fide legislative agent. Must we

throw out the child with the bath! It is suggested that lobby legislation is not so simple as it may at first seem. An adequate definition of terms is necessary. An attempt has been made by Mr. Caraway in his present bill S. 373. To quote:

That a lobbyist, within the meaning of this Act, is one who shall engage, whether for pay or otherwise, to attempt to influence legislation, or to prevent legislation, by the National Congress.

Second. Lobbying, as defined and understood in this Act, shall consist of any effort to influence the action of Congress upon any matter coming before it, whether it be by distributing literature, appearing before committees of Congress, or interviewing or seeking to interview individual members of either the House of Representatives or the Senate, or by any other means.

The terms of this Act are too indefinite. For example: an individual is engaged for pay as an editorial writer, or as an official in a trade association or as a minister of a church, or as a lawyer, chemist, manufacturer, etc. A bill comes before Congress that affects the interests of his class. He attempts to influence the course of this legislation by the means at his disposal. When does his interest therein cease to be entirely incidental to his chief occupation and bring him within the meaning of Mr. Caraway's definition?

And what is to be understood by "influencing legislation?" Distributing literature is mentioned. Are persons to incur a penalty for sending telegrams, writing letters, or circulating pamphlets concerning legislation unless they first register at the Capitol? The lobby today is not a local Washington institution. Lobbyists do not spend their time button-holing Congressmen. An effective lobby campaign could be conducted without a single paid lobbyist coming into personal contact with a legislator. The legislative agent depends for his influence upon the relation between Congressman and constituent. The secretary of a national association watches developments and directs the membership when the time

comes to act. If persuasive tactics are to be employed it is found that a visit from a prominent voter from "home" is often much more effective than anything a legislative agent can say. No law can prevent a Congressman from listening to the personal pleas of those he comes to Washington to represent.

Yet under S. 373 those "seeking to interview individual members of either the House of Representatives or the Senate" are said to be engaged in lobbying. This would come as a surprise to the voter from back home who wishes to stop in to see his Congressman and

word "lobby" has become a stereotype which arouses emotional antipathy rather than calm thought. The reaction is frequently one of denunciation. This attitude is reflected in the bills pending in the House at the present time.

H.R. 5052 would "prohibit lobbying." It would require the registration of any person who acts as counsel or agent "to promote or oppose in any manner the passage by Congress of any legislation affecting the pecuniary interests of any individual association, or corporation as distinct from those of the whole people of the United States." The impracticality of such a discrimination is too manifest to warrant further comment. H.R. 5718 and H.R. 1922 would require, under penalties, persons or associations to register who attempt to promote, advocate, amend, or oppose in any manner any matter pending or that might legally come before the Congress or either House thereof.

All the measures introduced thus far have the common fault of trying to accomplish too much. They make admirable provisions for registration and clearly set forth penalties in case of infringement, but in seeking to control all those who oppose or promote legislation the bills extend their aegis over so large a number of interested citizens as automatically to become unenforceable. They would be dead letters before they reached the statute books.

There is little point in compiling a compulsory census of all those actively interested in legislation. Clearly the lobbyists required to enroll should be limited to those that attempt to participate directly in law-making.

The writer is inclined to suggest this alternative: namely, that all those desirous of appearing before a Congressional committee be required to file in advance either with the chairman of the committee or Clerk of the House and Secretary of the Senate a complete statement of their name, aim, status, and affiliation together with an account of funds received for legislative activities and expenditures. If the required statement were not made, a hearing be-

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Fitzpatrick in St. Louis Post-Dispatch

incidentally discuss the pending legislation of concern to his state or district. Is such an individual to look up the Clerk of the House of Representatives and the Secretary of the Senate and divulge the details of his business and the source and amount of his income as required of all lobbyists, before he calls upon his Senator or Representative? Obviously the Caraway bill as it now stands would give rise to numerous difficulties. Yet this bill with more defects than can be disclosed in this hasty survey passed the Senate during the last Congress.

The intention here is not to disparage Senator Caraway's effort toward lobby regulation but rather to stress the need of careful consideration of the broad implications of the problem. The

►► The Trend of Events ◀◀

►► Political Prophets

JUST ABOUT THIS TIME in every election year, the country suddenly becomes aware that the Republican and the Democratic parties have congressional campaign committees, with chairmen, with voices. The principal purpose of these voices is, apparently, to utter loud prophecies of victory for their owners' parties in forthcoming congressional elections. Presumably each chairman speaks to the other, for the other always answers, and surely no one else, save ever-receptive newspaper editors, pays any attention whatever.

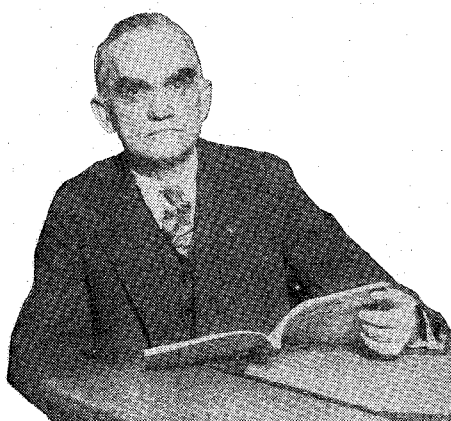
Predictions for 1930 have already appeared and they will continue to appear until the day before the November elections. Chairman Byrns of the Democratic Congressional Campaign Committee solemnly prophesies that his party will regain the thirty House seats lost in the 1928 elections, "conservatively" estimates that it will gain forty other seats, and believes there is "an excellent possibility" of winning twenty seats more. Nor, apparently, will it lose any of the 165 seats it now holds. This prediction means that the Democratic party, with 255 seats, 37 more than a majority, will control the lower House of the next Congress.

Chairman Wood of the Republican Congressional Campaign Committee pokes rather heavy fun at Mr. Byrns and refuses to take the latter's forecast seriously. Truth is, however, neither Wood nor Byrns nor any one else knows whether it should be taken seriously or not. Both chairmen know that there is usually a swing to the Democratic party in these off-year elections, and that, unless business depression and unemployment are overcome before November, the swing is likely to be unusually pronounced this year. Both know that the prohibition issue, in Massachusetts, for instance, may take some seats from Republicans and give them to Democrats. Both also know that much may happen before November and that it's never safe to count victories before counting votes. But neither knows whether the Democrats will win seventy, seventeen, or a hundred and seventy-seven more seats in the House. Until the primaries have been held, neither will even

know who is going to run against whom. Their predictions do not deserve to be accepted with a grain of salt. They simply do not deserve to be accepted.

►► The Conference Sick

ON THE ELEVENTH DAY of March our delegation at London refused the French offer to swap naval reduction for a consultative pact, and the arms conference seemed ready to end in failure. France had asked that, in case of a threat of war, the United States agree to consult with the other four powers now represented at London. The American delegation replied that



International

FORESEES VICTORY

Representative Byrns predicts Democratic triumph in congressional elections

it was not opposed to a consultative agreement in principle. It was, however, opposed to making such an agreement a condition of French naval reduction. For, it argued, if France, having reduced her fleet in return for a consultative pact, should become involved in war and need the ships she had abandoned, she might with some justice demand that signers of the pact, including the United States, come to her assistance. "You got me into this," she might say. "Now get me out of it."

Thus one hope for a political treaty at the conference went glimmering. Another followed it next day when Premier MacDonald told Foreign Minister Briand that Britain, unwilling to shoulder any new international obligations, opposed the French suggestion that Britain and France join in a sweeping treaty of mutual assistance against an aggressor. Doubtless the

British stand was influenced by the American stand of the day before.

At any rate, these decisions against substituting increased machinery of peace for decreased machinery of war took the heart out of the conference. Briand promptly forecast that the parley would be dead in two weeks. The conference did not die, however, though it did languish so badly that, two weeks later, Foreign Minister Grandi of Italy proposed that it adjourn for six months. Briand's prediction missed, but missed by less than a mile.

►► The Conference Well

SUDDENLY the London meeting, taking a new lease on life, regained no little of its old-time vigor. The reason was not far to seek. On March 26, the American delegation reiterated that it had no objection to a consultative pact as such, pointed out that it is already a party to several such treaties, but declared that France had been demanding mutual military security as a condition of naval reduction and that the United States would enter no treaty "where there is danger of its obligation being misunderstood as involving a promise to render military assistance." If the French demand for security could be satisfied in some other way, the American delegation went on, the danger that the significance of a consultative pact might be misunderstood would be eliminated. "In such case the American delegation would consider the matter with an entirely open mind."

This statement opened a door, which had seemed shut and bolted, to a political agreement. Premier MacDonald thereupon decided to see whether he could walk through this door with the consent of the British public. Together, the British and French delegations began a search for a formula which would satisfy both France and Britain. France wishes Britain to go as far as she can in guaranteeing French security; Britain wishes to go no further than she has to. Should they find common ground for agreement, there will begin a second search for a formula under which the United States can adhere to a treaty of consultation. France would have such a treaty mean as much as possible; the United States

would have it mean as little as possible.

Of itself, the British delegation is apparently willing to take genuine risks for the sake of peace and disarmament. The American delegation is willing to take no risks worthy of the name. Yet the question is whether either the British or the American delegation can go far enough to satisfy France without going too far to satisfy its own public and national legislature. British newspapers have warned MacDonald that Parliament might refuse to approve any great addition to Britain's commitments as a guarantor of European peace. American Senators have declared that a consultative pact would not be ratified by the Senate. So the situation stands at the time of this writing. The prospect, however, is not hopeless; on the contrary, it begins to look encouraging.

►► Straws in the Wind

AN AMUSING FEATURE of the *Literary Digest* prohibition poll has been the chorus of dry objections since the appearance of the early and overwhelmingly wet returns. Dry spokesmen have tortured their brains to explain why the poll is meaningless. If their side should eventually win out, doubtless they would torture their brains again to explain why the poll is absolutely conclusive.

The ballots, they say, have gone to relatively few women. The *Digest* responds that the names are being obtained from the same sources as in the accurate presidential polls of 1924 and 1928. That disposes of most objections to the poll's mechanics. Prohibition Administrator Campbell of New York has an argument of another sort. He declares that wets can take little comfort in votes for modification of the Volstead law to permit light wines and beers, since these are expressions "in favor of 'no repeal'." Mr. Campbell wins first prize. Never before in American history has a vote for wine and beer been described as a blow to the wets.

As a matter of fact, it is the wets, not the dries, who should be voicing objections. No doubt many who favor repeal of the 18th Amendment are voting, instead, for modification of the Volstead law, since they will not endorse repeal without specific assurances against the return of the old saloon. Again, it has not been sufficiently em-

phasized that a ballot will be thrown out if the voter marks more than one question. Many wets favor repeal of the amendment, but, as a first step, favor modification of the Volstead law. Hence, many are marking their ballots both for repeal and for modification. The *Digest* returns, therefore, obviously underestimate the amount of wet sentiment in the country.

This poll, however, is but one straw in the wind. There are several others—for one example, the National Republican Club's recent vote against the 18th Amendment; for another, the demand of Delaware voters in the du-



Acme

CANADIAN DRY

Ernest C. Drury, former Prime Minister of the Province of Ontario

Pont poll for repeal of their state enforcement act; for still another, the outcome of the Harvard *Crimson's* poll of fourteen eastern and mid-western colleges. About 16,000 students voted for modification or repeal; about 5,000 voted for present conditions or for stricter enforcement. In its opposition to prohibition, the young idea is much like the old.

►► Government Control

PROHIBITIONISTS EXULT over the testimony of former Premier Drury of Ontario before the House Judiciary Committee. Mr. Drury's batteries of facts and figures, they imply, blow up the argument for control in place of prohibition. This, of course, is absurd. The Ontario system is not the only sys-

tem of control, nor is this system unchangeable. Possibly another system would prove better suited to most American states, or possibly, before the Ontario system could be successfully applied in this country, it would have to be considerably modified. Even at their face value, Mr. Drury's statements do not impair the case for control as against prohibition. They merely impair the case for the Ontario system as now administered.

Mr. Drury declares that liquor sales in Ontario "are tremendous and increasing;" that arrests for drunkenness, jail commitments, and deaths from motor vehicle accidents are increasing likewise. He concludes that "Government control is not the remedy." All this might be more impressive if it were more impressive in Canada, where citizens have first-hand knowledge of the facts. But while Mr. Drury was deploring conditions in Ontario, the Nova Scotia Legislature was forwarding a liquor-control act written on the Ontario model. In Ontario, Premier Ferguson declared that Mr. Drury's statements, made at home, "would be greeted with laughter." Drury, he said, campaigned for prohibition and against control in the last election but his policy was snowed under. Here Mr. Ferguson skirts the edges of a significant fact, namely, that the Canadian systems seem to have the support of public opinion. While nearly all the provinces have progressed to government control since 1921, none has retrogressed into prohibition.

It has been proposed that the Wickersham Law Enforcement Commission investigate Canadian control systems. The suggestion seems well adapted to confuse whatever facts about these systems are already known. The Commission has become a good deal of a joke. It cut off its head when Chairman Wickersham declared in advance that it was "intellectually possible, but not probable" that the Commission would recommend modification of the Volstead act. It cut out its heart when, some days ago, Mr. Wickersham—as quoted by the Associated Press—declared his Commission started work "with the assumption that the 18th Amendment is a part of the Constitution of the United States. It was not for us to inquire whether the Constitution of the United States should be what it is or not." If the Commission intends, not to pass judg-

ment on the amendment and the law, but merely to suggest ways of enforcing them, its investigation is a waste of time.

►► Southern Job-Selling

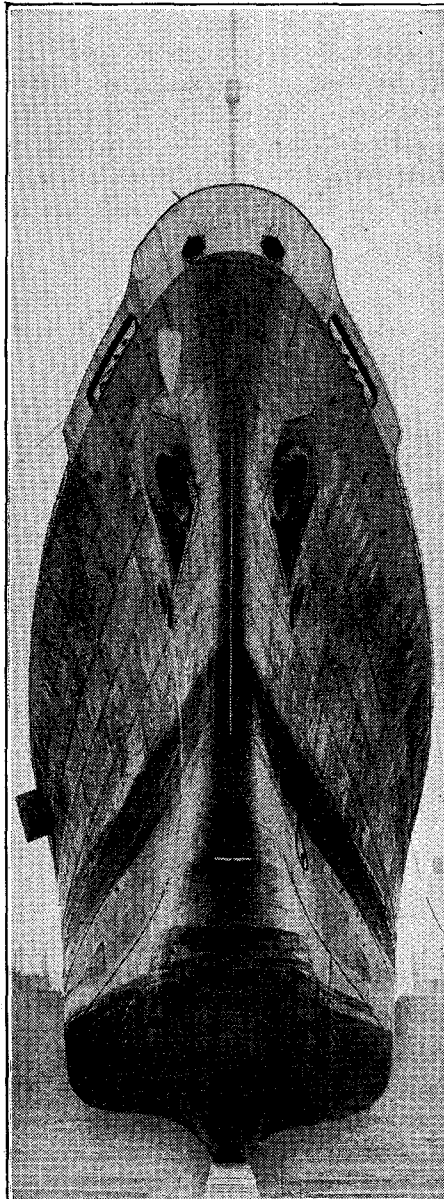
THE PURITY of the Republican organizations in the South, which of course control Federal appointments, seems to depend on the point of view. A subcommittee of the Senate Post Office Committee, submitting its report not long ago, intimated that the traditional traffic in jobs continues. It recommended that the Department of Justice study evidence collected on the committee's investigating tour through the South and prosecute violators of the law against the barter and sale of public offices. It also recommended broadening the Federal Corrupt Practices act to snare politicians soliciting funds from Federal officeholders.

In Georgia, one investigator stated, the latter practice yielded thousands of dollars, employed, not for party purposes, but "for personal benefit, use and enrichment of a few grafters." In South Carolina, "practically all the Federal offices were placed on sale by J. W. Tolbert or through his representatives." In Mississippi, through sale of public office, National Committeeman Perry Howard—who, like Tolbert and Ben Davis of Georgia, has since left the field—in eighteen months collected a sum estimated by the committee at \$50,000. In Texas, the committee, while it exonerated National Committeeman Creager of personal wrong-doing, found that from 1921 to 1928 the Republican State Committee collected \$165,000 from officeholders on notes alone.

President Hoover has asked the Department of Justice to consider the committee's report, but he himself believes that it refers to incidents, men, and conditions which have already been cleaned up. Since he publicly recognized these conditions in March, 1929, he has instructed Government departments to establish a system "by which these reprehensible practices have been absolutely stopped." The practice of purchasing and selling appointments, "so far as it existed, has been ended." He adds that all Federal officials known to have engaged in such practices have either resigned or been removed.

Despite conflicting reports, it is generally agreed—the committee also

agrees—that conditions in the South have improved. It is perhaps too much to expect perfection, even by political standards, immediately. The Augean stables might not have passed inspection the day after they were flooded out.



North German Lloyd

BULBOUS BOW

A feature which contributes to the speed of the record-breaking Europa

►► The Europa

ILL WINDS HAD BLOWN the albatross with many great twin sisters of the sea until the Europa passed Ambrose Lightship, cutting eighteen minutes from the transatlantic record set last October by her North German Lloyd sister, the Bremen. The White Star liner Olympic was a pre-war queen, but her twin sister, the Titanic, met icebergs and death on her maiden voyage.

A torpedo sank the Lusitania, sister of the speedy Cunarder, the Mauretania, while the War days also saw Germany's enemies grabbing the Imperator and Vaterland and rechristening them the Leviathan and Berengaria, now of, respectively, the United States and Cunard lines.

The ominous tradition fell with the Europa, though it lived with her at first in a \$4,500,000 fire breaking out a few months after she and the Bremen left the Hamburg ways, longest and swiftest ships afloat. Taking the southern route, seventy miles longer than that on which the Bremen broke the record, the Europa bucked headwinds and headswells from Cherbourg to Ambrose Lightship in four days, seventeen hours and six minutes.

Thirty-six hours before the Europa left Bremerhaven, pointing her bulbous nose at Southampton, the Ile de France left Cherbourg. Off Nantucket Light, the Europa left the French liner behind, and, lying at anchor near Quarantine, she watched the Ile de France come out of the morning mist and dip her tricolor to German genius.

Outward bound across the English Channel, the Europa neared the inbound Bremen. As they veered to close the several hundred yards between them, a dark hulk rose from the water and both liners fell away from a British submarine. Its commander may not lack a sardonic sense of humor. Just now, the Germans are wooing, not submarines, but Americans. The Europa's first-cabin writing room sports bronze busts of Goethe and Walt Whitman to starboard, of Kant and Emerson to port. Ernest Grassel, the line's general director came ashore in Brooklyn calling the twin sisters' records symbols of accord between Germany and America.

►► Commodore

NO SIMON-PURE German commands the Europa. Nicolaus Johnsen, commodore of the line and captain of the liner, was born near Flensburg fjord in that part of Schleswig-Holstein which then fidgeted under a Kaiser but since the War has returned to Denmark. "I," he says, "am a Frisian."

He recalls the year 1885 when, a boy of fifteen, he left his father's farm to sail around the Horn to China and Japan. He liked the days when every one walked "instead of always riding on a tram." Contrariwise, he cares

nothing for the years on windjammers when he had little to eat but pork, bread and peas. Five years of that and he was back in Germany, passing examinations and becoming a second mate at twenty.

Again and again he sailed through Oriental waters, becoming a master, switching to English ships, finally, in 1898, passing to the North German Lloyd line when the old Kingsin company split its fleet between the Lloyd and the Hamburg-American. Even then, speed was not rare on the Atlantic. Nine years before, the City of Paris had crossed in less than six days.

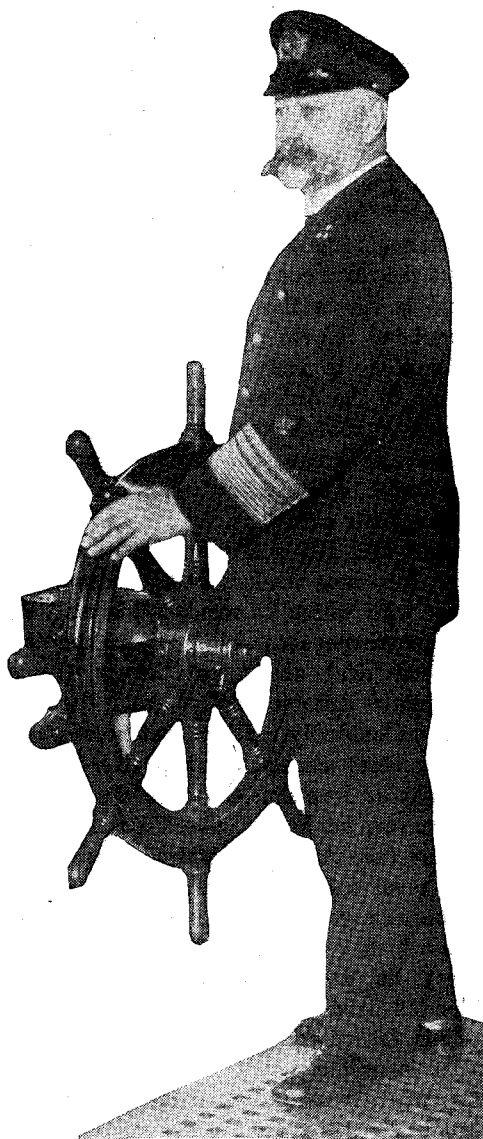
The War placed him in command of an auxiliary craft with the German North Sea fleet. He missed Jutland, saw no fighting at all, surrendered, went home during the revolution, and walked the streets. In 1920, he started to sea again, commanded the old Bremen before she burned at Hoboken, took the flagship Columbus on her maiden voyage in 1923, and stayed with her until the Europa was ready for her trials. He wears his honors lightly. At a dinner in New York recognizing the Europa's record, he excused himself from making a speech. Wearily he rubbed his forehead while others spoke of his indisposition, gaily he pranced thereafter, telling reporters that he would "rather shovel coal an hour" than make a three-minute address.

On board the Europa, he has a luxurious suite and a private chef, and drinks tea which always floats a red cherry. He wants no beer; he is a Frisian; his are tea drinking people who have sailed the seas since the Eighth Century and before. His ambition is to sail the Pacific and visit San Francisco. And, oh yes, whenever he's in New York he enjoys visiting the Aquarium.

►► The Census

SINCE PSYCHOLOGY PROFESSORS, apparently, were not consulted by the Census Bureau, the 1930 enumeration, now in progress, boasts no spicy questionnaire. Citizens are not asked whether they are content with their jobs, but merely whether they have jobs. The Government is not collecting opinions on marriage as an institution; it inquires only at what age individuals were married, and hopes to reassure us, as usual, that American men outnumber American women. There are no

questions about how you fall asleep, or how coffee and cigarettes affect you, though you are supposed to own up if you have a radio set and to confess the amount of your rent. To the average householder, the rest of the queries are outright yawn-provokers, dealing with agriculture, manufacture, mining, buying and selling, and even irrigation.



Acme

SKIPPER

Nicolaus Johnsen, Captain of the Europa,
at the wheel

Certain interesting facts, however, were established by the census before any of the 125,000 enumerators had knocked at a single door. One is the regulation that a housewife, if she wishes and can convince the census-taker that she rates the distinction, may be listed as the "head of the family." Another is the provision that, in the case of a woman doing housework in her own home and having no other em-

ployment, the answer under the occupation heading should be "None." Perhaps the most important of all points established by the census instructions is the definition, at last, of the word, "Home." Home, the enumerators have been informed is the place where a person regularly sleeps.

It takes the Government to settle, in a brief sentence, a question which has baffled poets and song-writers for centuries. Home is where the heart is? Nonsense, implies the Census Bureau. "Sentiment and local attachments are not to be considered." Edgar Guest to the contrary, it doesn't take a heap o' livin' to make a house a home; the census-taker does not bother to inquire whether the house seems like home, or just four walls, to you. He wants to know where you regularly sleep. He doesn't even care whether you sleep like a log or simply toss and turn the whole night through.

►► Transocean Air Service

IT SEEMS THAT THE International Zeppelin Transport Company, organized last October, is being actively pushed by such impressive groups as the National City Bank, the Union Carbide Company, the United Aircraft Transport Corporation, the Goodyear Zeppelin Corporation, and the Zeppelin Luftschiffbau and Maybach Motors Corporation of Germany. If almost unlimited financial resources could accomplish it, regular transatlantic air service might be considered accomplished.

As it is, such service, both for dirigibles and airplanes, bristles with ifs, howevers, and buts. The Goodyear Zeppelin Corporation will probably be busy for nearly two years with two ships it is building for the navy. Not before then, presumably, may work begin on the dirigibles intended for transatlantic service. Furthermore, there is much spade-work still to be done before designers can say what transatlantic Zeppelins may be like. Flight in the Graf Zeppelin has considerable sporting appeal, but its time schedule and accommodations would scarcely suit the regular traveler.

As to airplanes, though Dr. Dornier has announced his intention of flying the Do-X to America this summer, the gasoline load will leave room for only a few passengers, instead of the hundred and sixty-nine flown over Lake Constance last fall. Still larger

planes, with engines more powerful than any now commercially available,



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GRAF ZEPPELIN'S COMMANDER
Dr. Hugo Eckener now on visit to United States

would apparently be required for regular operation between Europe and America.

In the meantime, passenger steamship companies seem quite unworried. Transatlantic air projects make interesting reading, but, as long as they are news they remain, from a practical point of view, comparatively unimportant. Travelers in general will not be very anxious to fly across the ocean until they grow tired of hearing of others who do so. By that time, an accurate price may be set on speed, and rates may be fixed accordingly.

Yet it should not be overlooked that one of the first persons interviewed by Dr. Eckener, after his recent arrival in this country, was Postmaster General Brown. The United States Government opposes the European policy of subsidizing airlines, but not the policy of helping out with profitable mail contracts. Aircraft may inject a new element into the present squabble over mail contracts for American steamship lines. We may soon see fierce competition for contracts between

steamships which have not been built, dirigibles which have not been designed, and airplanes which are scarcely dreamed of.

►► Vagabond Worries

OBVIOUSLY it is no sinecure, being America's Lover—and America's Vagabond Lover at that. Here is Rudy Vallée, who, according to his "Authentic Autobiography Entirely Written by Himself," gets only five hours sleep a night, having these five interrupted by lawsuits. Just a few months ago, a Broadway orchestra leader brought action for a part of Vallée's profits, claiming that he taught Rudy to croon. Then another orchestra leader (or perhaps the same one; memory plays vagabond tricks in these matters) sued the Vagabond Lover for \$500,000 and attempted to restrain sale and distribution of the Authentic Autobiography, asserting that he was the originator of the Vallée croon, not the imitator, as the Autobiography implies.

One feels sure that the dream-loving son of Old Eli will take such buffets with the same modest and philosophic calm with which he receives his multitudinous bouquets. After all, he knows a good deal about psychology (see Authentic Autobiography), and therefore undoubtedly realizes that no newspaper story concerning himself—be it lawsuit or love-tap—is to be despised. Moreover, he has a splendid sense of humor (see Authentic Autobiography), and must therefore consider it a joke to be accused of imitating tonal qualities which (see Authentic Autobiography) he derived directly from the blended Irish and French vocal tones of his father and mother.

It is unlikely that America gives a fig whether the Vagabond Dreamer taught or was taught to croon, so long as he keeps on crooning. We confess to a good deal less interest in how he acquired his vocal technique than in how he built up the illusion that he is a vagabond. Is a vagabond one who works furiously to make money and then works more furiously to make more money? And, if so, aren't we all vagabonds?

►► Proud Beauty Spurned

IN HIS DISTINGUISHED ADDRESS at the University of California, Owen D. Young vividly described the rôles Politics and Economics have played in the

great drama of mending a war-broken world. Politics, he said, as she advanced to the footlights after the World War, had never seemed so charming. No one paid much attention to a second figure on the stage, "a very modest being, ragged in clothing, bewildered in her senses, known as Economics." All eyes were for Politics, and her many moods, each more charming than the other—her idealistic, or Wilson, mood; her cynical, or Clemenceau, mood; her delightfully irresponsible, or Lloyd George, mood. Conscious of her power, Politics wrote a treaty at Versailles. Moreover, she impatiently decided that Germany would have to pay 132 billion marks, or 33 billion dollars, in reparations. Economics, who had been modestly advising and protesting, thereupon spoke out sharply, but was quickly silenced. Germany obeyed when Politics directed her to inflate her currency; France obeyed when Politics directed her to invade the Ruhr.

Economics got no hearing until 1923, when the world at last began to wonder whether Politics was safe and sound. Losing her self-confidence, Politics then called in Economics and asked her to save the show. Even then,



From "Vagabond Dreams Come True" (Dutton)

THREE GUESSES

Who this is. Give up? It's Rudy Vallée, in high school days

the Dawes reparations committee was prohibited by Politics from revising the

reparation total of 132 billion marks. It therefore fixed the German annuities, though not the total, gave Germany a plan for balancing her budget and stabilizing her currency, and adjourned. Not long after, the new German marks were being exchanged for the old at the rate of one for a billion; Germany found the road to recovery, and the French armies began to march out of the Ruhr.

But the Dawes plan was a stopgap at best, and so Economics was summoned again. Hence, the Young committee met in Paris early last year and wrote a plan which, among other things, fixed the total German debt—its present value is nine billion dollars—and created the World Bank. Yet Politics, the marplot, even appeared in Paris. It was there, indeed, that Mr. Young learned to dislike her. "Charming as she may be at times on the stage," he says, "she is often petulant and petty and always selfish in the dressing rooms, and, habitually, she puts a low estimate on the intelligence of her audience."

Poor Politics! Poor Politics, who has been doing her best to flirt with Mr. Young and direct his eyes toward her attractive White House. Has he, thus rhetorically spurning her, spurned her literally and forever? A hundred dark horses, awaiting the national conventions of 1932 and 1936, will hope—nay, pray—that he has.

►► Sky-Limited Tariffs

THE SENATE'S DEBATE on the tariff ended on a high note. All Senators—Republicans, Progressives, Democrats—are protectionists when the products of their own sections are involved. Most of the time they sang low, but they only awaited opportunity to shift to a higher key. When Senator Grundy gave the signal, the Democratic-Insurgent low-slung harmony was shattered. Up went the duty on sugar; up went the duty on glass. Lumber, cement, silver and long staple cotton were taken from the free list and given parts in the protectionist score.

A high protectionist measure, the Senate bill none the less provides for generally lower duties than those adopted by the House. On agricultural products alone did the Senate radically raise the House rates. Duties on chemical products dropped to present levels and below. Although a duty

was imposed on manganese, duties on other metals and metal products—pig iron, structural steel, clocks, watches—were reduced. The duty on aluminum was sliced down, not merely to the existing rate, but to that of the Democratic tariff of 1913, a gesture of senatorial disdain for Mr. Mellon and his Aluminum Company of America. Duties on earthenware and china were



Remarkable Remarks

I know liquor is being sold in Dearborn, but what do I care? What do you care?—HENRY FORD.

I cannot see that there should be any crime in shooting at sight any man who violates the law, especially the Prohibition law.—REV. PERCIVAL CLINTON.

The [Anti-Saloon] league was born of God.—REV. DR. F. SCOTT MCBRIDE.

It is most unlikely that the Americans will call the new planet Bacchus.—PROF. A. S. EDDINGTON.

From its position in Gemini and other factors I believe Planet X has been responsible for the exceedingly jerky action of the stock market in October.—REV. ARTHUR W. BROOKS.

I do not believe in downright rowdiness . . . but I'd like to see a [baseball] player, who thinks he has received a rank decision from an umpire show that he has feelings instead of being forced to act like a dummy. The game needs more pep, ginger and verbal scrapping.—CHARLES A. STONEHAM.

I am a play boy and shall never get over it.—PROF. WILLIAM LYON PHELPS.

No man ever dreams what strange things women can think of and do.—ARTHUR BRISBANE.

All I want in the world is one man and I want him to love me for myself only and not because I am a great success.—PEGGY HOPKINS JOYCE.



generally cut below those favored by the House. Proposed higher duties for silk, as well as high duties for rayon, were rejected, although cotton goods won a larger degree of protection. As a measure of farm relief, the Senate voted higher duties for wool and woolen goods.

Yet, like the House, the Senate disregarded the President's request for limited revision. Hopes of obtaining

such a revision are now gone. In the conference between representatives of the Senate and House, only compromise between Senate rates and House rates will be possible. However it may look when it emerges from the conference committee, it is now certain that the bill finally laid before the President for signature or veto will provide for the highest tariff duties in the history of the country. Moreover, it will have been adopted at a time when our foreign trade is assuming ever-greater importance, at a time when European nations are growing tired of letting in our products while their own products are firmly walled out of the United States.

►► Other Features

DIFFERENCES BETWEEN House and Senate over tariff rates may be composed by compromise. Differences over the administrative provisions are knot-tier problems. The House rejected the export debenture plan when the Senate wrote it into the farm relief law. Probably it is no more willing to accept it now as part of the tariff bill.

As to the so-called flexible provisions, both House and Senate favor the alteration of rates within fixed limits, up and down, at the recommendation of the Tariff Commission. They disagree as to who should do the altering. The House favors the President, who is empowered by the existing law to make the changes or not, as he chooses. The Senate wants the privilege to rest solely with Congress. The House argues for its position on the grounds of efficiency. The Senate meets this argument by providing that no rates should be discussed by Congress save those recommended for change by the Commission. Uninfluenced by President Hoover's open support of the House, the Senate contends that Congress should retain its full constitutional power over revenue. Neither body is likely to be much impressed by Senator Vandenberg's compromise, proposing that Congress alter the rates when it is in session and that the President change them at other times, subject to congressional veto.

The House approved and extended the rigid censorship provisions of the existing tariff law. The Senate made important modifications in this law. Under the Senate bill, customs authorities would still be empowered to seize questionable literature, but the case

would have to be decided by a Federal court, with the defendant given the rights of trial by jury and of appeal.

Less controversial is the anti-trust administrative provision fathered by Senator Norris of Nebraska—the provision that duties on any product be suspended should inquiry show that they tend to break down domestic competition. Less controversial, too, is the

issue concerning the valuation of imported commodities. The House favored valuation on the basis of “estimated” domestic values. The Senate authorized inquiries by the President and the Tariff Commission into that method and the one based upon foreign values. For once, our Senators are willing to pass an investigation along to some one else.

Back Stage in Washington

WASHINGTON, D. C.

WE THINK IT IRONIC that a hard-boiled New York lawyer, who never neglects a chance to display his contempt for conventional diplomats and diplomacy, should be made the goat of the London naval conference, as may be the fate of Joseph P. Cotton, Acting Secretary of State, should the parley prove a failure. Yet we suppose it is better for a departmental subordinate to err than a President, which happened in 1922 when poor Warren Harding exhibited appalling ignorance concerning the territorial scope of the Pacific pact.

All this may sound somewhat cryptic to the casual reader, and well it may, since recent developments surrounding the naval negotiations, both domestic and foreign, have been quite bewildering. Though we understand that President Hoover still expects sufficient results to justify the conference call, our informants at home and across the sea assure us it will be only in spite of a series of egregious blunders. By comparison with the “breaks” which, we hear, Secretary Stimson has made at London, Mr. Cotton’s was a minor mistake, in our opinion, much as it may have pained the President. Mr. Stimson’s understudy simply said quite frankly that any one who characterized a consultative pact as non-translatable into naval tonnage, and therefore a worthless document, was without ordinary intelligence. It was, of course, unfortunate that he should offer this opinion only twenty-four hours after a dubious description of the proposed pact had been put out by an eminent Administration spokesman, for Mr. Cotton’s comment created an almost universal impression that there was duplicity somewhere. Nor

did Secretary Stimson help his co-partner in the comedy when he sandwiched these conflicting pronouncements with a formal statement to the effect that the United States delegation had already entered negotiations designed to effect just such an agreement.

We hear all sorts of amusing explanations for the seeming inconsistency in the American attitude. Some officials suggest that the Administration’s



Pease in Newark Evening News

disparaging utterance anent the pact, as well as the assertion that no government had formally raised this question at London, was meant to shift responsibility for imminent collapse of the negotiations from our shoulders, and we would not be surprised if there was substance to this viewpoint. Nevertheless, we prefer to accept the explanation of those in high place who tell us there has been no conflict between the President and his Secretary of State. Their story is that Mr. Hoover, being 3,000 miles from the scene, labored under the impression that France would not accept a talk-it-over treaty in place of a security pledge. Meanwhile, Mr. Stimson had suddenly, and to his surprise, dis-

covered that France would entertain this idea, provided Ramsay MacDonald furnished military guarantees, and, being a drowning diplomat, seized upon this admittedly slender reed.

As for the conference itself, returning press men surprise us by their optimism. All, whether pro-Administration or not, seem to feel the parley will achieve an agreement for scrapping a few old battleships, limitation of cruisers and restriction—at least on paper—of submarine barbarism. For us this would mean junking the Florida, Utah and Wyoming, with an approximate saving of \$18,000,000, and possible reduction of our cruiser program from thirty-three to twenty-one.

This optimism, we find, is not shared on Capitol Hill, where the Senate “irreconcilables” are swinging their mimeograph machines into action. Should any kind of pact be negotiated, it will assuredly encounter difficulty in the Senate, and for this, we are told, Mr. Hoover will have only himself to blame.

Up to a month ago the three musketeers — Senators Borah of Idaho, Johnson of California and Moses of New Hampshire—feared to oppose a promissory pact lest they be charged with wrecking the conference. Now, we hear, they feel that it has been discredited by its friends, all the more so in view of the Hoover-Stimson-Cotton episode, and the spirit of 1920, which they liken to the “spirit of ’76,” is returning. We note, too, that the Democrats are beginning to assume a partisan attitude toward the parley, which may be accounted for by their suspicion that Joe Robinson, of Arkansas,

will seek to capitalize his trip to London in 1932. Joe, his Democratic colleagues are eager to inform him, need not think that membership on a Republican President’s disarmament delegation is a qualification for the presidential nomination, particularly if the Senator concerned caused his associates much embarrassment by mating up with a man named Smith in 1928.

In thinking on this intrigue, both international and intra-party, we imagine that Mr. Cotton is to be envied rather than pitied. Politics and public life, we hear, mean nothing to him. We suspect he got a big laugh when he learned that he had referred to the “eminent spokesman” as lacking “ordinary intelligence.” A. F. C.

Dark Emptiness

The Autobiography of an Ex-Thief

By JOHN COFFEY

SEVERAL MONTHS of my term still stood between me and the chance to get into the army; there was no hope of shortening the time except by the one month that would be deducted if I paid the court costs of twenty-nine dollars assessed against me. A fellow in New York owed me fifty dollars. I wrote asking him to send at least thirty dollars, but he didn't reply. I decided against writing home because I didn't want them to know I was in jail again.

Day by day I tried to be patient and to keep from losing interest in my purpose because of the delay in carrying it out; I kept feeding my hope and resolution with pleasant images of future situations I might reach, and with images of changes in the general situation of humanity which would be brought about by the new factor of economic surplus. "Think how education will change! Children will be taught and trained to use and develop themselves to contribute as much as possible to the common wealth and culture, not to get as much money as possible and then make as big a show as possible. They won't be told the most important thing in the world is to watch for chances to buy as cheap as possible from people who need to sell, and to sell as dear as possible to those who have to buy. They won't be made to think the best people are those who get the most money by the least work. They'll learn that the best people are the ones who do the most and best work and ask the least in return."

One day in November another prisoner came to me and asked if I'd write a letter for him to the attorney general's office asking to have his costs, forty-two dollars, remitted. He told me his mother was ready to pay the costs, but he didn't think she ought to have to pay them because the money would come out of what she earned doing washing and odd jobs of housework, and out of the small salary his sister earned in a department store. He had never been arrested before; his charge was assault, the result of a drunken fight. I knew him as a quiet, pleasant fellow, and the best baseball pitcher in the games played in the prison yard; in several

Upon his release from prison in Rhode Island, Coffey offered himself to his country for the War with Germany; but his country seemed in no great need of his services, and the reaction was from disappointment to depression to shoplifting. Those who have carefully followed "Thief's Progress" will see in this instalment clear evidence of the author's growing sense of the futility of his life

games he had pitched I had been catcher, and had come to admire how well he kept his head when bad umpiring or errors by fielders spoiled his effort. His behavior in the prison had been perfect and before his arrest he had always worked steadily and supported his mother and sister.

I wrote the letter and tried to give the facts in the case as much force as possible, pointing out that if the costs weren't remitted their payment would be punishment inflicted on the mother, instead of on the prisoner himself. An answer came from the attorney general refusing the request. I wrote another letter—one in my own name—saying I had written the previous letter after hearing the facts in the case, and could see no reason for not granting the remission asked for except a complete indifference to every one not possessed of money or political influence. I referred to two recent cases in which, to my knowledge, costs had been remitted by political pull. I closed my letter by saying that in view of the attitude shown by the attorney general, and because of the fact that the imposition of costs came from a desire to keep prisoners making shirts beyond the time of their sentence, I intended when the end of my term came neither to pay my costs nor to continue working in the shirt shop. No answer came to this letter.

Three days before the end of my term the shop guard reported me to the deputy for failure to do my task for the day. I had done the task, having turned in forty-five dozen, five bundles of nine dozen each, and each bundle with a slip of paper containing my name. I asked the deputy to look up the five bundles, which might be done easily. He merely said the guard wouldn't lie and ordered me taken to the solitary cell. I was too amazed to protest further, because he usually never ordered punishment except

in extreme circumstances, and I had never been reported before for failure to do my task nor for any other cause. I had been in the solitary cell some time before I suspected that my letter to the attorney general might have something to do with my punishment.

I was kept in solitary until late in the afternoon on the last day of my term. The next day was Sunday and there was no work in the shops. A guard came to my cell during the morning and told me to come along. I followed him toward the front. He led me through the front gates and when I asked him where we were going he said he was taking me to work in the guards' dining-room in the front house. When we reached there he left and returned inside the prison; leaving me in the company of the three other prisoners working there. They gave me a friendly greeting and began talking to me, and while we talked I realized that my plan to refuse to work out my costs in the shop had been neatly defeated, and I tried to decide whether I ought to refuse to do the new work, too. One of the other fellows said I must have had some pull to get the job, because there wasn't enough work to keep the three of them busy more than a few hours a day. "Maybe they want to feed you up before you go out," another said. I explained that I had written the attorney general that I intended to refuse to work out my costs in the shirt shop. "Maybe they're giving you a chance to get away; no one watches us here; we take walks on the highway; I've been five miles away from here."

I thought over the possibility of escaping but decided against it because it would make me ineligible for the army. I went out and walked around the grounds trying to decide what to do, but instead of thinking I gave myself up to enjoying the feeling of being outside the walls. Then one of the fellows called me in and I ate the first satisfactory meal I had had in a year. I did my share of the work, which was soon over, and then went outside again. During the afternoon I decided to abandon my plan of refusing to work out my costs, telling myself I'd probably

accomplish nothing by trying it and that even if I could it was too small a matter for me to risk going to the underground dungeon for five weeks, which might permanently ruin my health and prevent me from doing something much more important in the future. "I'd better save myself for bigger game," I tried to assure myself.

For several days I succeeded in keeping this idea, but gradually I became obsessed by the feeling that cowardice had prompted it more than anything else, cowardice and my lazy, self-indulgent liking for the little work, better food and greater freedom to which I had been changed. I accused myself of the habit of letting myself down easy in the present by promising myself I'd do great things in the future, of being brave except when there was danger. This feeling persisted, but I failed to return to my original plan of refusing to work. Then one day during the third week I was in the guards' dining-room word came of a new strike in the shirt shops; a new deputy had replaced the old one and immediately had started a harsher system of discipline and a reduction of privileges. Against this the prisoners protested by striking.

News came soon that the strike had been ended by taking a few prisoners at a time from the shops and putting them in strait-jackets which restricted their breathing until they agreed to return to work. Seventy-five had been strait-jacketed and only three had stuck it out until the doctor ordered their removal to the hospital. I felt sure that if I had been in the thing I'd not have been the fourth to go to the hospital, but one of the others. I still did nothing to change my action, and became more depressed and self-accusing than before.

My release came on the morning of February 19. From the prison I went to the office of the adjutant general in charge of the draft in Rhode Island, told of my situation, and asked for instructions. I was told I must report as soon as possible to the Local Board in Philadelphia to which I was subject. I said I was without money for fare, and was advised to go to Philadelphia when I had earned some. I asked if I couldn't enlist, and was told no, that the Local Board would handle my case. "The army doesn't care much to take fellows like you," I was told.

Before leaving the prison I had borrowed a quarter from another prisoner,

and after paying carfare had fifteen cents left. I had to decide without delay what I should do. I went to a lunch room and sat sipping a cup of coffee and thinking. The best thing I could think of doing was to go to the chief of police and see if he could suggest anything.

After seeing him and telling the reason for my visit, he said I was lucky in having decided to come and see him because he had been informed of my discharge from prison and had ordered his detectives to arrest me if they should see me around town. He had done that because if any of the department stores in town should hear I was loose they'd get after him. I told him I'd see the head detective in each store and assure them they needn't be afraid of my doing any stealing while I remained in town, and that I meant to leave as soon as I could get fare out. The chief thought that would be a good idea and would cover him for leaving me alone while I stayed around. His best suggestion as to what I should do to get some money was to go to a place called the Church House, a kind of mission which gave meals and lodging on credit to down-and-outs, and got jobs for them.

On leaving him I first went to see the store detectives. At the Boston Store my reception was cold, but at the Outlet, the store in which I had been arrested, the detective took me to the general manager, who talked with me several minutes and then, having noticed that my shoes were very poor, gave me five dollars to get a new pair. His act heartened me a great deal. I looked up a shoe repairing place where I found a very good-looking and serviceable pair of second-hand shoes for two dollars. Then I went to the Church House.

The manager told me he was a reformed yeggman, a safe-cracker. He explained that the men who came there were divided into two classes, the temporarily and the permanently down-and-out; and that the two classes were treated differently. The better class, the temporarily down-and-out, ate separately from the others and received better food, had private rooms instead of sleeping in the dormitory, and were given preference in the matter of jobs.

I couldn't keep from saying: "I suppose you're following Christ's idea—'To him that hath shall be given, and from him that hath not shall be taken even that which he hath.'" He didn't

seem to notice that I had meant to be sarcastic, and answered: "Something like that; we don't want to encourage professional bums to hang around here; if you give them an inch they take a yard." I thought of more sarcasm but felt it would be wasted and kept silent. I was classed among the higher, temporary bums; and was told I musn't fail to attend prayer meeting each Wednesday and Sunday evening.

In the next two weeks I had many jobs; I cleaned a cellar, beat rugs, washed windows, painted a ceiling, worked two days in an oleomargarine factory, and five days in a paint factory. In the same time I attended three prayer meetings, and was reminded anew how different Christ and his life and teachings were from what the churches had tried to make him and them. My mind fixed again on the two images of Christ I liked best, the one of him going into the temple to drive out the dove-sellers and money-changers, and the one in which he told the mob that whoever among them was without sin should cast the first stone at the adulteress.

The five days I worked in the paint factory gave me enough money to get to Philadelphia. I reached home at noon the next day and at once reported to the Local Board. My physical examination showed nothing wrong except with my eyes; I was extremely near-sighted. The examiner said he thought the condition might cause my rejection, that the Medical Advisory Board would have to decide. I asked what I should do meanwhile. "Wait till you're notified to report," he said. He didn't know how soon they'd send for me, and said there was no way to hurry the thing. I had failed completely to foresee such a possibility; having felt sure I'd pass the physical examination easily. And because all the hope I had for my personal future was based on getting into the army, it began to shrink and wither; dark emptiness seemed before me instead of bright days of work and accomplishment. I tried to stir myself with the idea that circumstances would be changed and more favorable for every one after the War, but this effort was stopped by the thought that every one who's ever done anything has made his own circumstances, and that "I'm not capable of doing that or I'd have done it long ago." I thought of making myself completely indifferent and self-sufficient, but dismissed the idea.

April 9, 1930

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I was welcomed at home; no one pressed me to explain where I had been or what I'd been doing, and I received no hint that I should contribute anything to the household expenses. As much to get some peace of mind by doing something, as to get money, I hunted for a job. In two weeks of hunting I made dozens of applications, but my unsettled status under the draft, added to my other disqualifications, caused me to be turned down every time. I made several visits to the secretary of the Local Board, until he told me my coming wouldn't hurry anything, that I'd be notified when the Medical Advisory Board was ready for me.

My feeling of futility grew. I tried corresponding with a New York girl who in my absence had written me several letters which my sister had kept for me. I barely remembered her but hoped by writing her to give myself an interest that would make me forget myself. She answered my letters and I kept writing her but failed to get enthusiastic about it.

The third Saturday evening after my return I met a former school mate with whom I had been quite friendly. He asked me to join him in stepping out, and after I told him I was broke and in a poor humor to be a companion, he said he had been paid and had enough money for us both and that perhaps a few drinks would put me in good humor. I went along with him to a Republican Club in the neighborhood which had a bar and where there was a crap game every Saturday night. We had several drinks of whiskey and then went over to look at the crap game. He handed me two dollars to try my luck. On my turn with the dice I made thirteen consecutive passes before losing, and left the table with \$190. I tried to give my companion half of it, but he refused to take any. We had several more drinks and he returned to the game. I kept drinking, not getting very drunk, until I felt quite cheerful. I went over to my com-

panion at the table and proposed that we go downtown and get a couple of girls and do some drinking and dancing at the cabarets. I told him my luck and the liquor had made me feel good for the first time in weeks, and that I wanted to get some fun while I was in the mood. He was winning and excited about it and wanted to stay.

I went to a Tenderloin cabaret where I knew the headwaiter and told him I wanted a girl who felt like going around and doing some drinking and dancing, and that I'd pay her for her time. He looked around and then went over to a girl who was sitting alone. She came

lasted until well into the morning. I drank enough to keep myself from thinking, and we enjoyed ourselves every minute. About five in the morning nearly every one had gone and Nellie said she was tired so we left. On the way home we stopped at a fruit stand and bought a lot of fruit and nuts, and at a confectioner's I got her a large box of candy. I meant to leave her at the door but she asked me to come in and have some fruit. I left two hours later.

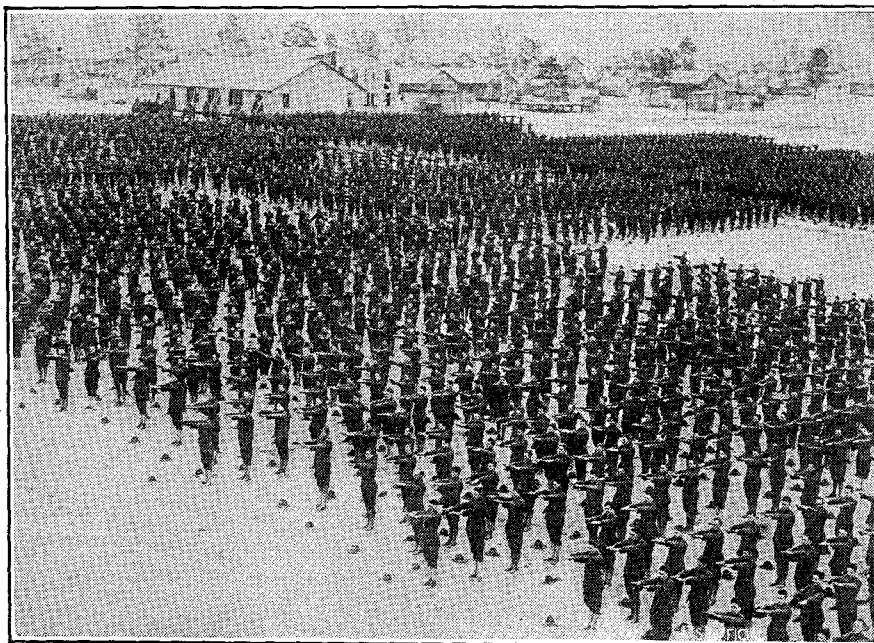
The next week passed with no notice from the Medical Advisory Board. I made no effort to get a job, feeling it would be useless and lead only to more disappointments. I thought of Nellie several times and early on Saturday evening called at her place but found her out. I stopped in at a few cabarets without seeing her.

On Monday of the next week I found something the matter with me, and went at once to a doctor. He said it was a venereal disease, and gave me medicine and instructions. "Now I have something to worry about," I thought. On leaving the doctor's office I wandered around for

awhile, trying to decide what to do. "This finishes me," I thought; "no use thinking of myself any more."

I went to Nellie's place and found her in. I told her that the one thing necessary was to get cured. I asked if she had any money, and she said no. "I'll get some," I said.

I decided not to steal in Philadelphia, but to go to Baltimore and Washington. I told her to pack what things she wanted to take. In a half hour we were on the train to Baltimore. We arrived in time for me to get to one of the stores before closing time; I packed up a load of furs and stored them overnight in the furniture department, and took them out the next morning. Then we went to Washington; I wanted to get another load right away so that I'd not have to steal again until both of us were cured. Nellie asked me to take her with me to the store and



U. S. Signal Corps

Ten thousand infantrymen at Camp Hancock going through calisthenics

over to my table with him and sat down. We had some drinks and danced. She danced very well and was young and very pretty and seemed to have a happy disposition.

"Why don't you take the night off and just have a good time?" I said. "We'll go to all the places that are open. I've been out of jail only a short time and you're the first girl who's been in my company. I'd like you to stay with me until there's no place to go but home." She said she'd be tickled to death to take the night off but that she needed money and had to make some. I gave her twenty dollars and asked her if that was enough. "Sure," she said, and looked puzzled.

We went around to the regular cabarets until they closed at midnight, and then went to a theatrical hotel, where there was dancing and an impromptu show by the guests which

teach her to steal. I saw she meant it and took her along. She waited in the women's lavatory on the floor where the furs were, and after I had packed a load and stored it, I brought her a coat to wear out. She preceded me out, wearing the coat, and waited outside for me. She was delighted at having accomplished the act. She asked several times, too, if I didn't like her better for having done it. I hadn't talked much to her since leaving Philadelphia because I felt we had nothing to say to each other. I said I liked her better.

The next morning I sold four of the coats to members of a burlesque troupe playing in Washington, and decided not to go back to Philadelphia for a week. I wired my sister my hotel address and asked her to wire me if a notice should come from the Local Board. Then I went to a hospital and inquired the name and address of a good specialist.

How to divert ourselves during our waking hours became our main problem. I resorted to reading but Nellie preferred the movies, which I didn't like. I went to one to please her, but in a short while I went to sleep. She woke me up and wanted to leave because every one was laughing at us. She didn't ask me to go again.

Before the week ended we had a quarrel because she was continually interrupting my reading. I decided to go back to Philadelphia and sell the coats we still had, and then give her most of the money and not see her any more. When I told her my intention she promised not to bother me any more while I was reading. But in the days previous bitterness about everything

had been increasing in me and gnawing at me, and now that our quarrel had given vent to it I didn't feel like restraining myself. I had been secretly resenting the fact that she had been much more cheerful and light-hearted than myself, and I told myself that it proved she was an insensitive imbecile with whom I shouldn't inflict myself any longer and whose feelings I needn't take into account. I cancelled the approval I had given myself for having decided to take care of her, and called myself a fool for having thought of it.

She picked from the floor the magazine I had been reading and had thrown against the wall in anger after her last interruption, brought it to me, and then asked me to make up. I turned my face away and said I couldn't see any use in pretending that we could get along well enough to stay together; that we didn't like the same things and there was no chance that we ever would. "I appreciate what you've been doing for me," she said; "I was only trying to get your attention because I didn't know what to do with myself." "You're not capable of appreciating anything," I told her; "if there was a train before morning I'd get out of here right away." She began weeping. I told myself she was pretending. When she kept it up I went out, not answering her "Please don't go." I went to Union Station and asked the time of the first train to Philadelphia. After spending an hour in a restaurant reading newspapers I returned to the hotel, telling myself I was ready to listen to some more weeping.

She was lying on the bed, awake, facing the door. After the first glance

I didn't look at her. She said nothing. I began packing our bags and heard her weeping again. I paid no heed and went ahead. When I had finished packing I went out again and stayed until an hour before train time. On returning I found her asleep and wakened her, saying it was time to go. She got up and dressed, saying nothing. I took a glance at her face and saw it was set hard. "I don't give a damn; I'm not going to weaken," I told myself.

We reached the station in time to get some breakfast but she refused to eat anything, although she sat with me while I drank a cup of coffee. She sat limp, looking to one side, her pretty face numb. "I'm the one who doesn't feel, not her," I thought. I asked her to look at me, but she shook her head.

On the train she kept looking out of the window and wouldn't speak, seeming not to hear me. "Please forgive me, you mustn't stay like this," I tried to tell her. She kept staring out. I tried to explain what I had done by saying I had been miserable for a long time and that it had suddenly come out when I lost control of myself the last time she had interrupted my reading. "What you did didn't deserve what I did," I went on; "I was taking out all my disappointments on you. You had a right to be cheerful and playful, more right than I've had for being the opposite all the time we've been together. Turn and look at me and smile and say everything is all right and that you forgive me. Come on, Nellie, please!" I put my arm over her shoulder and took her limp hand and kissed it, but her only response was to shiver a little. I told her I loved her and

wanted to stay with her and that I couldn't bear to see her this way and pleaded with her to change, to show some feeling, to call me all the names she could think of. "Leave me alone," was the only thing she said. I gave up trying and sat blaming and accusing myself of being unworthy of any human companionship. "Completely selfish, lazy coward," I called myself. I was still holding her hand; I let it go, feeling I didn't deserve to touch it. I thought of getting up and going to the smoker, but
(Please Turn to Page 598)



U. S. Signal Corps

Issuing equipment, Camp Merritt, N. J.

The Stream of Business

By FRANK A. FALL

Jockeying Bankers

WITH DEPOSITS of two billion and total resources within shooting distance of three billion dollars, the Chase-Equitable-Interstate combination spurts ahead of National City and the Midland of London and becomes, for the next few minutes at least, the world's largest bank.

A merger of this size faces many complicated administrative problems, and the Chase executive set-up will be watched with keen interest by bankers everywhere. Winthrop W. Aldrich, brother-in-law of John D. Rockefeller, Jr., will be president; Albert H. Wiggin chairman of the "governing board;" Charles S. McCain chairman of the board of directors; and John McHugh chairman of the executive committee.

While these gentlemen are dividing up the work and learning how to avoid stepping on each other's toes, the competing banks will see to it that no grass grows under their own feet. National City failed to swallow Corn Exchange, but it does not enjoy being pushed into second place, and will probably try to regain first position by an alliance with the Morgan interests or another strong banking group. For some time to come it will be proper, in telephoning a New York banker, to begin the conversation with "Good morning—have you been merged today?"

Insuring Personality

WHILE THE IDEA of life insurance for the benefit of a business enterprise has made notable gains during recent years, it has not progressed as fast or as far as it deserves. This is due mainly to the shortsightedness of the insuring companies, most of which have given but scant attention to the possibilities of this type of insurance.

Coverage thus far has been mainly in the form of policies on the lives of officers of large corporations. Lists of these are published from time to time, the policies running up frequently into the hundred-thousands and in a few cases into millions. But the partnership, a form of enterprise which needs business insurance most because the concern's good-will depends so largely on

the personality of two or three individuals, has been virtually disregarded in the sales plans of most of the life insurance companies.

How many partners, for example,

INDICES (A two-minute summary)

Commodity Prices (Fisher's Index—1926=100)
 March 29—90.4. (Crump's British Index—1926=100) March 29—82.3.

Car Loadings (American Railway Assn.)
 Week ended March 15—881,187 cars (increase of 7,639 over preceding week; reduction of 77,414 under same week of 1929).

Steel Ingot Production Week ended March 22—73% of capacity (reduction of 1% under preceding week and of 21.5% under same week of 1929).

Crude Oil Production Week ended March 22—daily average gross 2,535,900 barrels (reduction of 47,300 under preceding week and of 119,700 under same week of 1929).

Grain Exports Week ended March 22—1,152,000 bushels (increase of 477,000 over preceding week; reduction of 482,000 under same week of 1929).

Bank Clearings (as reported to Bradstreet's)
 Week ended March 27—\$11,777,518,000 (reduction of 4.8% under preceding week and of 16.5% under same week of 1929).

Failures (as reported to R. G. Dun & Co.)
 Week ended March 27—533 (reduction of 25 under preceding week; increase of 21 over same week of 1929).

know that they can buy this form of coverage: On Partner A, \$50,000; on Partner B, \$50,000; on Either Partner, \$50,000. Total coverage \$150,000.

In the event of the death of either partner, the business immediately receives \$100,000 in cash, at a time when ready money may be urgently needed to protect the concern's credit standing and make the adjustments essential to a continuation of the business. The companies sell such a policy. Why must they whisper news which should be shouted from the house-tops?

Curbing Bankruptcy Evils

COLONEL WILLIAM J. DONOVAN, whose nickname is known around the world, has completed another good job and turned over to Federal Judge Thomas D. Thacher his report on the most thorough-going study of bankruptcy administration ever attempted.

Acting as counsel for the three bar associations of Greater New York and in co-operation with the Yale Law School, Colonel Donovan and his associates made digests of all the available publications on bankruptcy and held hearings

which produced more than 5,000 pages of printed testimony.

The abuses of bankruptcy administration, which are many, are now brought to light in such a way that proper remedies may be speedily applied. This may be done by amendments to the Bankruptcy Act, revisions of the Supreme Court general orders or changes in local district rules. Possibly some of the provisions of the Canadian bankruptcy law, which is very highly regarded by credit managers and other business executives in the United States, will be brought across the border and embodied in our bankruptcy code. Proposed changes will be thoroughly discussed at the convention of the National Association of Credit Men at Dallas in May. Meanwhile, Colonel Donovan should have a rising vote of thanks for doing another important mop-up job with neatness and dispatch.

A Transportation Problem

DR. JULIUS GRODINSKY of the Wharton School, University of Pennsylvania, contributes *Railroad Consolidation* (Appleton, \$3.50) to the series of texts on transportation edited by Dr. Emory R. Johnson.

Consolidation of railway properties in such a way that each system will own all it operates and operate all it owns has, in Dr. Grodinsky's opinion, certain advantages, but they are scarcely worth what it costs to achieve them. A better plan is to permit and encourage the development of acquisitions and unifications along sound business lines.

Detailed rules and regulations established by the Interstate Commerce Commission are, the author asserts, to be preferred to those provided by statute. The latter have no flexibility, and cannot be adapted to the constantly changing conditions of modern business life. The Commission should be empowered to supervise every change in common carrier control which carries with it the possibility of diverting traffic. With this added power and restrictions upon its existing power removed, the Commission will, Dr. Grodinsky concludes, be adequately equipped to control the unification process.

Cheap Money Comes Again

A DECLINE in interest rates has been the outstanding financial development of the past month. In recognition of the increasing ease of money in the chief financial centers of the world, the great central banks of Europe and the Federal Reserve Banks of the United States have made a series of reductions in their discount rates. Last October, before the break in the stock market, the rate of the Reserve Bank of New York was six per cent; since the crash in that month it has been scaled down by four successive cuts, and now stands at three and one half per cent.

The return of easy money is attributable to three causes. First of all, it reflects the restoration of more nearly normal credit conditions through the curbing of the speculative excesses in the New York stock market. For a time the rate of call loans on the New York Stock Exchange determined the movement of funds between Europe and America. In March, 1929, when the speculative mania was at its height, call money in New York soared to twenty per cent.

The high rates which prevailed during most of 1929 served to draw money to this center from all parts of the world, and the rates of the central banks appeared to have lost their former power to govern the inflow or outflow of funds. But within twelve months after the twenty per cent rate in Wall Street, money was being lent on call in New York at two per cent, and was even going begging at that rate. It is a sweeping change which has occurred, and undoubtedly a change for the better.

Yet not all the influences which are at present conducive to cheaper money may be construed as favorable to business. A second cause of lower interest rates is the recession in business itself. General business activity for some time has been about five or six per cent below an estimated normal, compared with a peak about eight per cent above normal last summer. A third factor contributing to the present cheapness of money is the decline in commodity prices. With the price level receding about five per cent during the past twelve months, it now requires a smaller amount of money or credit to

By WILLIAM O. SCROGGS

The decline in interest rates, so far as it has been a natural process, is a favorable sign. Artificial cheapening of money, Mr. Scroggs thinks, is of questionable value

transact a given amount of business than it did a year ago. The cumulative effect of these changes is a lessened demand for funds and a consequent drop in interest rates.

While this drop in the cost of credit is partly a result of unfavorable conditions in trade and industry, yet, on the whole, the relief of the credit stringency which existed here and abroad last year is to be welcomed. It means that the dislocations caused by inflation in the stock market have been corrected. Easy money, moreover, tends to stimulate trade. The recent slackening of business and the increase of unemployment should not be attributed so much to the deflation of stock prices last autumn as to the inflation which preceded it. We now know that business activity had been slowly ebbing for at least three months before the break in stocks occurred.

The diversion of credit into speculative channels showed its effect first on building operations, which are one of the foundation stones of our national prosperity. The slowing down in this field of activity affected the various industries affiliated with building, and eventually a retreat was under way along the whole front. The accumulating evidence of a business slackening finally reacted on the stock market, and when the speculative bubble burst the resulting hesitation and uncertainty served as a further brake on enterprise.

THE process of readjustment has already been carried far. The bottom of the trough of depression seems to have been reached in February. The recovery since then has been slow, and at times it seems fitful. Some industries, after a rebound, have run into another dull period. The increasing ease of money will aid the recovery, but only to a limited degree. It can stimulate production, but what is really needed is a greater power to consume.

With an increase in the effective demand for goods, production will take care of itself.

This brings up the question of the

wisdom of the latest cut in the rediscount rate of the Federal Reserve Bank of New York. No one has questioned the propriety of the earlier reductions, but some of the more conservative students of finance have expressed their doubts concerning the last. They point to the recent decline in the borrowings of member banks from the Federal Reserve as an indication that ordinary bank credit is ample for the current needs of business, and that the cheapening of Reserve Bank credit, instead of stimulating business activity, will only tend to encourage speculation.

In its efforts to assist the countries of Europe to return to the gold standard, there is no question that the Federal Reserve Board three years ago made money artificially cheap. It not only maintained low bank rates, but the Reserve Banks made heavy purchases of government securities in the open market, thereby releasing additional amounts of cash and making money still cheaper.

At the time of the latest rate-cut the Reserve system was also buying Government securities and thus giving two-fold evidence of its desire to make money cheap. In the two weeks preceding this cut there was an increase of over a quarter of a billion dollars in brokers' loans on the New York Stock Exchange. Stock prices received a fillip. These developments have aroused a fear that this attempt to stimulate a business revival may have speculative results similar to those of 1927-29.

The best safeguard, perhaps, against a repetition of the speculative mania is the experience of the speculators themselves. Their memory of previous burns may not prevent them entirely from playing with the fire again, but they will play more cautiously hereafter. If another bull market develops, it will hardly duplicate the excesses of last year.

The cheapening of money since the turn of the year has been for the most part a natural process, and in so far as it has been natural it will aid in the revival of business on a solid basis. But any stimulation by an artificial cheapening may prove as illusory as that millennium of which old-time Greenbackers and Free-Silverites once dreamed.

"At 50, he is retiring to Enjoy Life on the Income from \$300,000"



Dr. E. A. Foster, President of the Peoples National Bank, Patchogue, N. Y., tells about an investor who "kept his feet on the ground."

"JUST A FEW WEEKS AGO," said Dr. Foster, "I saw one of the most graphic and gratifying instances in my experience of how sound investments steadily made and carefully watched do pay better in the end than speculation. It was just the same old tortoise and hare story.

"One of our customers, Mr. M—, came in, and said he had sold out his business and was going to retire and enjoy life. I don't believe he is a day over 50. He has a fine, growing family to educate, and they have all gone off on one of those around the world cruises together.

"Mr. M— isn't one who would be called an extraordinary man," continued Dr. Foster, "—just a feet-on-the-ground citizen who lived right up to the Yankee tradition for hard work and thrift. For the past 25 years he has been buying gilt-edge investments and plowing the income back into other sound securities. I never saw a cleaner list of investments than his—it looks like a life insurance company reserve.

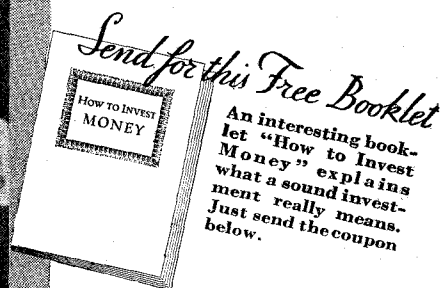
"Last fall, after the market panic, plenty of people around here worried themselves sick—but he hadn't any headaches, for he never let the speculating fever touch him. Years ago, he bought somestock that turned out to be worthless, and he always keeps the certificates to remind him 'never again.' At 50, he is retiring to enjoy life on the income from \$300,000."



DR. E. AGATE FOSTER, President of the Peoples National Bank of Patchogue, N. Y. For many years he has been a leader in the civic and business affairs of his community, and a staunch advocate of conservative investments.

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Speaking of Books—The Theatre—The Movies

Love in the Wilderness

WHEN MEN were trappers and women like as not, were half-breeds, that was a parlous time for the tender passion. This is the theme that James Boyd celebrates in *Long Hunt* (Scribners \$2.50), a novel that will, we fear, disturb his gentler readers. This Murfree Rinnard, the Long Hunter, is a lusty brute, not at all like the nice boys who were the protagonists of *Drums* and *Marching On*.

The period is that stirring time at the beginning of the nineteenth century when America, a good bit of it at any rate, picked up its household goods and started afoot, on horseback, by boat and by wagon over the trail that Boone had blazed to Kentucky and beyond. A stirring time in both meanings of the word. A great day for those men who are only grown up boys; rather trying for the women folk. Its raw flavor may be tasted in the pages of Mr. Boyd's book. *Long Hunt* might be read in conjunction with Elizabeth Madox Roberts' soft, sweet chant of pioneers, *The Great Meadow*, as a corrective tonic.

Murfree Rinnard was of that breed of anti-social men who were happiest when they were off in the wilderness with the catamounts and the red-skins. He loved a girl in the settlements, but he loved liberty, or what he thought was liberty, more. Out of that conflict the author has developed a story that is more to our taste than his other works. It cuts deeper.

It is remote in time but modern in its implications. Rinnard is as hard-boiled as any of the young men whose lives contemporary writers have lately been recording. He can fight, and he can drink, and he can take his fun where he finds it, barring the blacks. What he fails to understand, as his modern pro-

totypes fail to understand, is that mobility is not liberty. The consequence then, as now, is a life that is no more than a series of violent and meaningless episodes.

In Murfree Rinnard we recognize an authentic American: Bumptious, energetic, self-reliant, smart but not wise, incapable of reflection—and a sorry

make for popularity, *Cimarron* is a panoramic melodrama of the settling of Oklahoma, with lots of incident, at least two striking scenes, much atmosphere and one fine characterization, that of Yancey Cravat, old school adventurer-pioneer, right out of the movies or of history. The story opens with what is perhaps its best scene in which Yancey, just back from the great Oklahoma run, holds his wife's reluctant relatives spell-bound while he tells about it at the staid and elegant family dinner table. Yancey's young wife, the delicately reared Sabra, and their baby, Cim, go out with him into the red mud of Oklahoma. After the Indian land is opened, they become builders of Osage, a town destined for wealth and power. Yancey runs a newspaper, espouses the cause of the Indians and the down-trodden and runs out or shoots out the bad men. But he can't stay more than five years in one place. He wanders in and out of the picture while the feministically inclined Sabra progresses with the town through the meagre days on the oil boom and large scale prosperity and vulgarity. The unconvincing end of the story leaves Sabra a Congresswoman with an Indian daughter-in-law, and Yancey a drunken derelict giving his life to protect his town. Such stories of American life have not only an entertainment value but also a certain historic worth because they give a picture, unquestionably



Woodcut by J. J. Lankes, from "Upper Pasture" by Charles Malam (Farrar and Rinehart)

lover. The red-skins did for him long ago, but he has many descendants.

PARKHURST WHITNEY.

The Week's Reading

THE same qualities which made *Show Boat* popular appear in Edna Ferber's *Cimarron* (Doubleday-Doran \$2.50). And the same defects mar it. Considering only the qualities which

authenticate, of a phase of American development. To be sure it is a crude picture, a chromo, a piece of sympathetic and lively illustration rather than a work of art.

An historical novel, based firmly on facts, is *The Half-Breed* by M. Constantin-Weyer (Macaulay \$2.). The author is a Frenchman whose first novel, *A Man Scans His Past*, won a Prix Goncourt. As no translator's name is

to the present volume, one may suppose that the book was written in English. It is therefore possible to comment upon Constantin-Weyer's style which has been compared to Jack London's. His use of English and general construction is much more irregular than London's, but his style is strong and rough, has an animal quality, sensual rather than sensuous, although descriptive passages suggest a warm feeling for nature, the woodsman's feeling, an unsentimental inarticulate sympathy. The story of *The Half-Breed* is the story of Louis Riel, a French Canadian half-breed who led in the last century a violent but pitiful rebellion against white, Protestant domination in Manitoba. The events are exciting enough to please the reader of western adventure fiction. The characterization of Riel is vivid and touching. The stalwart fellow who was Indian enough to ignore the power of the British government against which he led his casually recruited army of dumb, savage half-breeds, and Frenchman enough to be betrayed by his own gallantry is a moving figure and one is not surprised that his capture and execution created a stir of sympathy and protest far out of proportion to the obscure rebellion which he led.

This reviewer does not often read a first novel as impressive as *Blow-Whistles-Blow* by Sarah Atherton (Brewer and Warren \$2.50). It is the poised, mature work of a woman not afraid of simplicity or of tragedy. The story is set in a Pennsylvania mining town and is saturated with the incredible loyalty of the mine folk to the mines which starve and crush them and to anthracite coal. Sophie Fashung, the heroine, is a splendid figure of beauty and rightness, devoted to her worthless sweetheart, courageous in the face of his final disloyalty, brave for all weak things. The reward in store for her at the end of the book is credible and welcome to readers. The author has not only a good understanding of her characters but a striking ability to differentiate between them, to make their mental habits, thoughts and speech distinctive. She herself never obtrudes in the book, a rare quality for a beginning novelist.

The Ship of Truth by Lettice Ulpha Cooper (Little, Brown \$2.50) won a thousand pound prize for the best religious novel offered by Hodder and Stoughton. Therefore it is the story of a clergyman who loses his faith in

and finds it again in God's great

out-of-doors. The story is simple enough. The clergyman's experience is a common one, not limited to his profession, and is only pointed because that profession makes him put a greater value on logic in organized religion than men in other walks of life need to do. Clement Dyson is settled in a humble parish in his own Yorkshire. He feels compelled to resign because he discovers that authority, religious and secular, is neither reasonable nor humane. He leaves his wife and children, goes to London to work, undergoes an innocent love experience, falls ill and, recovering, takes a job in a stone quarry where he finds his faith again. The cause of his actual reconversion is somewhat vague. A good many conversations held by different characters on religion or rather on man's spiritual needs help to point the moral of the



Drawing from "The Trader's Wife" by Jean Kenyon Mackenzie (Coward-McCann)

story. *The Ship of Truth* is competently written but not particularly impressive.

The collection of sketches of the southern mountains, published under the title of *The Road to Wildcat* by Eleanor Risley (Little, Brown \$2.50) are already known to readers of the *Atlantic Monthly*. They are new to this reviewer; new and captivating. The Risleys wandered in the Appalachians of Alabama, tramping and camping. They made friends with the mountain folk, for they were, themselves, friendly, and learned their ways, their thoughts, their land. They went to Holy Roller revivals, were spied upon by moonshiners, wandered the hills and valleys, and sat in the little mountain cabins. The sketches are not stories in the sense of plot, but they are stories for all that with the charm of an open-eyed, open-hearted traveler's tales. The language of the mountaineers, their rich, strange seventeenth century English is not so rhythmically treated

as by Maristan Chapman or Lucy Furman. But the character sketches, the brief, vivid accounts of incidents, sad, melodramatic, and absurd are lovely.

In *The Kramer Girls* (Knopf \$2.50) Ruth Suckow continues her series of novels about country and small town folk. The two elder Kramer sisters, Georgie and Annie, have sacrificed their chances of marriage for the sake of Rose, the youngest. Georgie persuades Rose to flee to the big city to escape being stifled in the village. Rose finds herself unsuited to big city ways and comes home to marry the small-town contractor who eventually fails in business. Georgie, who has pinned all her hopes on Rose, struggles through bitter disappointment to the realization that one cannot impose one's desires upon another. It was she and not Rose who wanted the big city. Rose liked to bask in the lazy sunshine at home, to go past the old mill, to have babies and potter around the house. Not even the visit of her friend, Jane, who has gone to the city and become a famous actress moves her to envy. Ruth Suckow conveys the leisurely tempo of the small town, its lazy curiosity about everything, its callow immaturity. Usually she writes with a careful realism, but is occasionally inclined to become over-sentimental about her heroine.

Louis Golding has written in *Give Up Your Lovers* (Cosmopolitan \$2.50) a story of the hopeless love of a shy Jewish boy and a Gentile girl whose parents agree they must not marry. Filial pity over-rides love, and they separate, each left with a void which, the author intimates, can never be filled. The book, however, instead of ending at that point, logically, is protracted to tell of how the hero prevents the marriage of his sister to an extremely orthodox but unhealthy Jew. He is determined that there shall be no more sacrifices upon the altar of his father's orthodoxy. Mr. Golding seems to have been a bit uncertain as to where to end his story, to have been torn between desires to describe orthodox Jewish life in the Zangwill manner and to tell a sad love story. He does neither very well. His style has an annoying preciousness which contrasts unfavorably with the simplicity of Ruth Suckow. And his novel appears to have been hastily written for magazine consumption.

Larry, the hero of *Paper Profits*, Arthur Train's novel about Wall Street (Liveright \$2.), is an idealistic young

editor who is devoted to art, lives in the suburbs and is writing the great American novel. From these noble pursuits he is diverted by the glamor of easy money in Wall Street (sic.) He becomes rich, acquires a mistress and



The Outlook's Five Inch Shelf

For Week-End Reading

Detective-Mystery: **Author Unknown**, by Clemence Dane and Helen Simpson: Cosmopolitan.

Novel: **Blow, Whistles, Blow**, by Sarah Atherton: Brewer and Warren.

Biography: **August Strindberg**, by V. J. MacGill: Brentano.

Miscellaneous: **The Road to Wildcat**, by Eleanor Risley: Little-Brown.



is deserted by his wife. When the débâcle comes his mistress leaves him, his wife takes him back, and he gets another editorial job. But we are left in the dark as to what happens to the great American novel. One need only read Frank Norris' *The Pit*, a novel on a similar subject to realize how trivial is Mr. Train's handling of a powerful theme. His characters and situations have machine-made edges.

Among the new books received too late for detailed review are several interesting ones on American scenes and figures. *A Gentleman Rebel* by John H. Preston (Farrar and Rinehart \$5.) is a tempestuous biography of Mad Anthony Wayne with sketches of other revolutionary figures, which is full of meat; unashamedly enthusiastic, but somewhat marred by a smart-aleck style. *Shanty Boat* by Kent and Margaret Lighty (Century \$3.50) is a gay and picturesque tale of the authors' trip down the Mississippi on a houseboat. *The Complete Journal of Townsend Harris* (Doubleday, Doran \$5.) is the personal record of the first American minister to Japan, whose understanding of that country and her problems did much to foster transpacific friendship. This is an invaluable book to students of Asiatic affairs. *New Letters and Papers of Lincoln* compiled by Paul M. Angle (Houghton, Mifflin \$5.) reveals a surprising amount of unpublished material in the shape of family letters, notes for speeches, legal opinions, telegrams and so forth. *British Opinion and the American Revolution* by Dora M. Clark (Yale University Press \$3.) is a useful reference book. *Death Valley* by Bourke Lee (Macmillan \$4.) is partly a study of the geological formation, flora and fauna of the Twenty Mule Team Borax country, but mostly a vivid account of the adventures and sufferings of the men and women who have crossed or tried to cross the valley. *The Kingdom of Saint James*

by Milo M. Quaife (Yale University Press \$4.) is an account of the life and labors of James J. Strang, a Mormon leader who tried in the middle of the last century to found a kingdom in the wilds of Wisconsin with himself as king-lawgiver-priest. It is an extraordinary story of fanaticism, boldness and credulity very well told. *Six Horses* by Captain William Banning and George H. Banning (Century \$4.) is a spirited record of stage-coach days in the far west, from the Gold Rush to the opening of the transcontinental railroad. One of the authors has experienced much which is described. The other, presumably, has learned how to make a record of fact read as vigorously as an adventure story.

Behind the Blurbs

WE BELIEVE we are correct in asserting that there is not today in the whole length and breadth of this great country a single dealer in unicorn's horn. We lay this to the negligence of the framers of our tariff bill. An ancient and honorable profession has died out because of lack of Government protection. We want something done about it. Other governments have done something about it in the past. In 1531, not so many years ago as the crow flies, the English duty was 20 shillings an ounce. In 1664 the French duty was 50 sous per lb. And this was not high, considering that the cost of the "true horn" in its best period was never less than 10 times its weight in gold. These facts met our eye in reading *The Lore of the Unicorn*¹ by Odell Shepard. It is a delightful book, immensely erudite but not in the least dry, in which the legend of the unicorn is traced back to its origins. A far richer subject than you might imagine, and treated with humor and understanding. *** Washburn will soon pub.—in the Chantecler Library of Illustrated Classics—Flaubert's *Temptation of St. Antony*, ill. with woodcuts by Ilse Bischoff. *** And *Salamambo* is to be pub. in a limited ed.—with illustrations by Alexander King—by The Brown House. *** The \$2500 Harper-Heinemann prize for translation rights of new German novel or biography has been won by Bernhard Guttman's *Die Fahrt des Herrn Vernunft*. 'Twill be pub. here in the fall. *** The Children's Book Club selects for April, Louise Seymour Hasbrouck's *At the Sign of the Wild Horse*. *** Having read *The Master of the Day of Judgment*² with care, we are not prepared to say whether Baron von Yosch really shot Bischoff or not, but we can say without hesitation that it is a mag-

nificently eerie mystery story of a series of suicides, caused by some mysterious power which claims as victims those who are searching for it. *** Brigham Young, Calamity Jane, Custer, Kit Carson and others figure in the pages of *The Last Frontier*³, the reminiscences of Zack Sutley, who trapped and hunted and drove stagecoaches and chased and was chased by the Sioux from '67 to '84. He knew nearly every phase of life in the old West, and while there is plenty of excitement in his book, it does not play up too prominently the lawlessness and danger of the frontier, overstressed in so many recent Wild West narratives. Bad men and liquor and Indians fall into their proper places, and you get from it a much better picture of what the



Inside the Covers

Articles We Recommend in the Latest Magazines

In the Dark, Alone, by Kathyne Mary Frick. Atlantic Monthly, April.

Stricken at the age of six by a malady which left her deaf, dumb, and blind, it is difficult to imagine any one more utterly done in this world than the author. With the aid of the Pennsylvania Institution for the Deaf and two special teachers, however, Miss Frick succeeded in learning to speak and write. Her article deals with the first desperate efforts to communicate with her. It is the first of a series describing her amazing recovery.

A Father to his Son on Sex. Parent's Magazine, April.

This is a wise and persuasive letter from a man (married twenty years) to his son, at college, who has just concluded that monogamy is one of his ideals that must go by the board. The father thinks that the time will come in this country when it will be—as is already the case in some European countries—socially "possible for a man to spend the evening at another woman's fireside," and vice versa, "without inflicting pain on some one." He believes that, for a long time to come, "we will want to keep the essence" of monogamy, "which is the permanent love of one man for one woman."

Marriage the Failure, by Cosmo Hamilton. Mentor, April.

This article, from the pen of the widely known British novelist, is not necessarily in conflict with that mentioned in the preceding paragraph. Mr. Hamilton believes that the days of traditional marriage are numbered. The women of the not-distant future will look to men for companionship, not for money; that they will earn for themselves. Children will be mutually agreed upon, bearing the father's name. Our Bright Young People will look back on wedlock as "ineffably stupid, shameful, and tyrannical."

Free Speech in Khaki, by an Army Officer. American Mercury, April.

In time of war a soldier must do and die; in time of peace he must do, be done, and keep quiet. The author writes a calm explanation of the traditional policies which abrogate free speech among the military. Right or wrong, an Army officer must seal his lips or suffer the consequences. The case of General William Mitchell is still well remembered by the public.

Why Navies Won't Be Reduced, by Frank H. Simonds. Review of Reviews, April.

From London this well known writer gives a brief untechnical statement of why the Naval Conference is going to fail. As anticipated, the blame falls neither on the U. S. or Great Britain. Mr. Simonds says the Conference has been "the worst run" affair he has ever known and believes that five years hence naval powers will be much better armed than they are now.



West must really have been like. *** If you have a "flare" for mythology or a love of the delightfully satirical, you

1. Houghton Mifflin, \$7.50.
2. By Leo Perutz: Boni Paper Book
3. Macmillan, \$4.00.

(Please Turn to Page 51)

A BEST SELLER!



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Outlook Blue Ribbon Books



The Outlook's Guide to the Most Discussed Books

This list of the ten best-selling books is compiled from reports sent to the Outlook each week by wire from the following representative bookshops:

BRENTANO'S, New York; SCRANTONS, INC., Rochester; KORNER & WOOD, Cleveland; SCRUGGS, VANDERVOORT & BARNEY, St. Louis; KENDRICK BELLAMY Co., Denver; TEOLIN PILLOT Co., Houston; PAUL ELDER & Co., San Francisco; NORMAN REMINGTON Co., Baltimore; EMERY BIRD THAYER, Kansas City; MILLER'S BOOK STORE, Atlanta; BULLOCK'S, Los Angeles; MARSHALL FIELD & Co., Chicago; STEWART KIDD, Cincinnati; J. K. GILL, Co., Portland, Oregon.

Fiction

The Woman of Andros, by Thornton P. Wilder: A. & C. Boni. A lovely prose poem on the beauty of frustration. Reviewed February 26.

Cimarron, by Edna Ferber: Doubleday, Doran—Reviewed in this issue.

Exile, by Warwick Deeping: Knopf. A well constructed story of English expatriates on the Italian Riviera. Reviewed March 19.

The Great Meadow, by Elizabeth Madox Roberts: Viking. A poet's vision of pioneer woman and one of America's finest historical novels. Reviewed March 5.

The Door, by Mary Roberts Rinehart: Farrar and Rinehart. An ingenious mystery story with startling but logical denouement. Reviewed April 2nd.

Non-Fiction

Byron, by Andre Maurois: Appleton. A brilliant biography of the self-made tragic hero. Reviewed March 26.

Is Sex Necessary, by James Thurber and E. B. White: Harper. Providing a catharsis of laughter.

Treatise on the Gods, by H. L. Mencken: Knopf. To be reviewed later by Edmund B. Chaffee.

The Crusades, by Harold Lamb: Doubleday, Doran. Popular history of the first crusade and the men concerned in it. Reviewed March 26.

Lincoln, by Emil Ludwig: Little, Brown. In his explosive technique, Ludwig informs us that in Lincoln we have a man "immemorably unique."



This page will be devoted exclusively to announcements of books which have appeared on the "Outlook's Blue Ribbon Books" lists. These lists are compiled from telegraphic reports from the representative bookshops named above and constitute a special service for Outlook readers.

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Religion's Voice

As Heard in Recent Books

IN THE MIDST of the general religious skepticism which is a characteristic of our age two movements particularly show sustained vitality. One of them is Christian Science, the other is Spiritualism. Concerning both the literature is almost limitless. *Our New Religion* (Cape & Smith) by H. A. L. Fisher, Warden of New College, Oxford, just issued, is a scholarly treatment of the origin and teachings of Christian Science. The author deals critically with the founder of this religion, too critically to be entirely satisfactory to many of her followers. He looks upon the rapid rise of this new faith as due to the American soil in which it developed and the ripeness of the time. He makes one trenchant criticism which Christian Scientists ought to answer. He says, "It is a religion for the rich, the eupeptic, the vivacious. . . . It is a religion which brings heart to the hearty, good cheer to the cheerful; but what can it say to the dying pauper in the slums which he will not regard as an affront to the lessons of a life time. It will tell him that his pain is an error, his illness is an error, his poverty is an error, his impending death an error. . . . To the downcast and the outcast such philosophy is a cruel mockery. They know instinctively that it is false." Doubtless this criticism can be answered and we hope it will be for the author has voiced a thought which is in the minds of many disposed to be friendly to a religion which can point to so many substantial achievements in the lessening of human misery.

ANOTHER movement of continuing influence is Spiritualism. The crumbling of dogmatic materialism is giving it a freer field. No one is better known for his whole-hearted espousal of the belief in human survival of bodily death than Sir Oliver Lodge. *Phantom Walls* (Putnam) is a clear and appealing statement of his convictions upon this subject. Sir Oliver has taken full advantage of the change in the temper of physical science which has come in the past few years, a temper which makes it more respectable to believe in a future life. Even if the spiritualistic interpretation of the facts cited be denied, not all of the facts can be shoved aside with the cry of "fraud." *Phantom Walls* is the best of Sir Oliver's books in the field of spiritualism. It will take a high place in the literature of this subject.

Such is the all inclusiveness of religion that no subject can be foreign to it. Two subjects especially are troubling the religious minded today. One of these subjects is war. Never before has this "collective sin" seemed so foreign to the Kingdom of the Spirit. The full horror of it can only be brought out in poetry. For this reason we welcome *The Red Harvest* (Macmillan) by Vincent Godfrey Burns, an excellent compilation of the poetry of this subject. It is well done; the author has shown good taste in his selections and the whole has been properly indexed. It fills a real need in the growing movement for peace. Another subject which religion must face is that of our changing sex standards. Here there is a deep need for facts. *Factors in the Sex Life of Twenty-Two Hundred Women* (Harper) by Dr. Katharine Bement Davis is a scientific study in this perplexing field. Both normal sex life and the abnormal side are statistically considered. This book is to be welcomed as a step toward the accumulation of the facts necessary for a sound philosophy of this subject. It is to be recommended to our religious leaders as a source book in this field.

AT THE heart of the religious problems of today is the problem of God. Does He exist? How shall we think of Him? *The Autobiography of God* by Ernest R. Trattner (Scribners) is an attempt to portray man's changing views of deity down through the ages. The device of having God tell his own story is an arresting one but one which will offend some. However, the book does give us, in a concise and readable form, the gist of what is now known about the historical development of our religious ideas. It is an easy way to review this field.

A weightier volume in this field of theism is by Walter Marshall Horton, Professor in Oberlin College. It is called *Theism and the Modern Mood* (Harper). Dr. Horton is keenly alive to the difficulties which face us today in our thought about God. He values the work of the humanists but he finds them involved in essential contradictions and in a dualistic universe. He states the case for theism with great clarity and power. It is the best answer to humanism which has yet come from camp of the theists. We recommend very highly.

EDMUND B. CHA

"But It Isn't Cricket"

By GEORGE TREVOR

BASEBALL, "the national game" in theory if not in fact, has been losing its grip on the college campus since the War.

In the middle west conference, baseball is deader than the proverbial smelt. The hinterland has made basketball its fetish. Interest in the diamond is at so low an ebb at the older eastern universities that drastic attempts are being made to revivify the game through the medium of an intercollegiate league, with interlocking schedules, formal batting and fielding averages, and other accessories of professional baseball.

The pulmotor may have been manned too late to save the collegiate scion of Abner Doubleday's brain child. Your young sophisticate is turning to games that stick with him in after life—diversions such as tennis, golf, and polo. Those who crave the element of strenuous team competition are taking up lacrosse. The vogue for this Indian game coincides with the decline in baseball interest. Even the sand-lot urchins are caddyding rather than playing "one old cat."

In collegiate athletic circles there's a tendency to blame this waning of baseball fervor upon the "rough-neck" nature of the game. The director of athletics at Wesleyan, for instance, has just issued a "model baseball code" stressing an idealism quite foreign to the fundamental nature of the national pastime.

This visionary seeks to curb side line baiting; abusive taunts from the stands; protests against the umpire's decisions; scurvy tricks such as rattling the pitcher; attempts to spike the baseman or "bean" the batter; the bat-tipping stunt, and so forth. The Wesleyan director would anglicize baseball, alter its essential character, substitute sportsmanship for rowdiness, replace ribald invective by Chesterfieldian courtesy, in short, he would give us an expurgated edition of our robustly vulgar national sport.

FRANKLY, I do not think such reforms would take. Can you imagine a ball player politely intoning "well played, sir!" or "jolly well caught!" instead of shifting his wad of gum and barking out the prescribed sand-lot jargon—"a boy," "keep a working," "in there time!"?

Games have distinctive personalities even as human beings. One need not entertain a smugly condescending attitude toward baseball to comprehend that it is basically rowdy in character, frankly immune to the ethical conventions and codes of sportsmanship which govern most other games.

Idealism and baseball don't mix. Our national game typifies the American temperament, reflects our tendency toward lawlessness, our zeal in making rules by the gross for the pleasure of breaking them. Baseball is the antithesis of what is implied by the English phrases "play the game" and "that isn't cricket."

On the diamond anything goes provided you don't get caught at it. Cutting a base is considered a smart dodge if the umpire isn't looking. No opprobrium attaches to such snide tricks. Pitching at a batter's head to drive him back from the plate is perfectly legitimate. A baseman is fair game for the runner's spikes; the former must give ground or risk an ugly gash. The base line coach who doesn't try to get the pitcher's goat by barbed sallies is derelict in his duty. To accept the umpire's verdict graciously is not considered good form on the diamond. Such spineless surrender to the arbiter would be construed as "lack of fight."

These loose standards, the heritage of the sand-lots where ball players are bred, would be cause for reproach in any other game, but somehow they seem to jibe with the roistering, lusty spirit of baseball.

Baseball is a game for the masses, yet even the highbrow is susceptible to its rowdy appeal. Once in the grand stand, your blue-blooded banker stamps his feet to rattle the pitcher as vigorously as the horny-handed garage mechanic who sits beside him. They have found common kinship in a game that provides an emotional outlet for atavistic impulses. Your mild looking neighbor who bellows "kill the umpire!" or "take the big bum out!" is merely releasing emotions long suppressed and expanding a shrunken ego in the bargain. Baseball is the national safety valve.

Substantial citizens who recoil in horror at the mere thought of yelling

at a golfing partner about to putt, will hurl taunts at an opposing pitcher without the least compunction. Players who throw a point in tennis to even up for a lineman's mistake will swear that a two base drive was foul when they know that the ball struck fair. Baseball is a law unto itself.

If the day comes when a base runner no longer exercises his inalienable right to question the umpire's eyesight and parentage after being declared out on an eyelash decision, you will know that an old Yankee institution has lost its reason for being. It will then be time to ring baseball's knell.

WHILE collegiate authorities seek to remove the roughneck flavor from baseball, President Charles Stoneham of the New York Giants issues an appeal for more aggressive tactics on the professional diamond. In Stoneham's opinion, the modern run of big leaguers, bred in an atmosphere of commercialism, take adverse decisions too complacently.

"I don't want a return to the blood and thunder nineties when a man feared to take his family to the ball park, when umpires were assaulted and riots were everyday affairs," says Stoneham, "but I would like to see more combativeness in baseball. I think the pendulum has swung too far toward giving the umpire 'life and death' power over the players. A player should be allowed to argue for his rights if he commits no overt act. Today, the players are either frightened by the thought of suspension or indifferent to anything but their pay checks."

Stoneham need not worry. The leopard cannot change his spots, and penalties, no matter how severe, will not indefinitely suppress the truculence which is woven into the warp and woof of baseball. The stimulus that prompts ordinarily harmless citizens to throw pop bottles still operates.

College baseball will never regain the dominating place it held when Stagg, Carter, Clarkson, and Hallowell wore Yale Blue and Harvard Crimson but I do not think that this innate rowdiness is responsible for the decline. It simply means that college men have discovered more absorbing games—sports which they can play when campus days are done.



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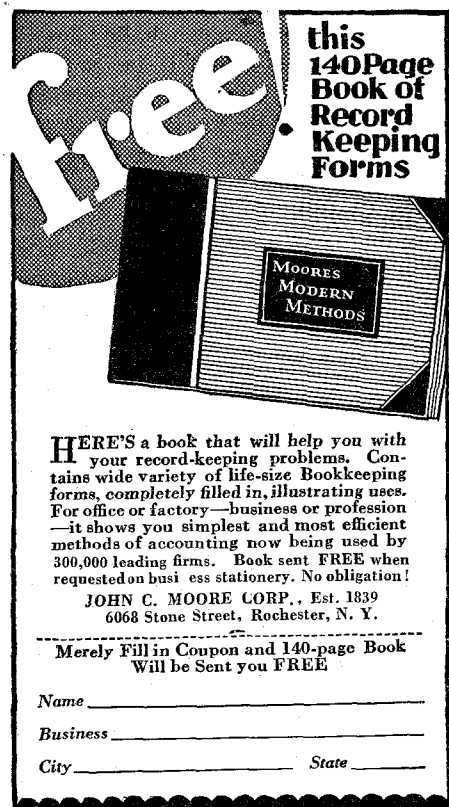
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The Movies

By CREIGHTON PEET

The Big Tent

APPARENTLY that lush, luxurious instinct which prompted magnates to build marble movie palaces swarming with ushers, goldfish and plush draperies, has suffered a setback. Side-show showmanship has hit the boys socko, right between the eyes, with the result that at times you can hardly hear the actors on the screen for the clatter of barkers, song-pluggers and amusement machines in the lobbies. The Paramount in New York, for instance, has recently harbored (not all at once to be sure) a singing usher demonstrating sheet music; a noisy machine giving the feeling of an airplane ride; an unfortunate pianist attempting semi-classical music in competition; a silhouette cutter; a telegraph station for wiring home to the folks what a lovely time you've had; a candy stand; a score of candy slot machines; a man playing an instrument resembling a zither; an exhibit of a certain brand of radios, and a stall where music, records and books retelling the immortal stories of the screen are sold. All these change from week to week. Any day now you will probably be able to select your groceries while movie stars whisper words of love in the background. Who says we don't live in a wonderful age?

"Hell Harbor"

Sex isn't what it used to be in the movies. Take, for instance, Miss Lupe Velez, alias "Whoopee Lupe," the girl with the vibrant torso and the great primitive appeal. Last year she was prancing about in a shift, grabbing at every male in sight and displaying whole sections of her person to the public closeup. Now, in *Hell Harbor*, Miss Velez is a damp-eyed little Spanish miss who talks considerably about Love spelled with a big L. The total result is that Jean Hersholt's really excellent performance as her father and Henry King's handsome

photography are about the only things worth mentioning in this film.

I do not mean that Miss Velez's orgiastic goings-on were really any asset to the art of the motion picture. What I do mean is that in the present season of overwhelmingly dull and characterless movies almost any kind of vitality would be a welcome relief.

"Mammy"

Al Jolson is still backstage hiding a breaking heart behind his black minstrel makeup, still weeping over and singing to his white-haired mama (Louise Dresser) and still making sacrifices for the sweetest little girl in the world (Lois Moran). Nevertheless, *Mammy* is an "original" story by Hollywood standards, and Irving Berlin was doubtless paid accordingly.

Mammy differs from other Jolson films in that it has no talkie tot toddling about in its nightie—and that none of its tears can be taken seriously, even by the most confirmed Jolson addict. Al is falsely accused of murdering his best pal (everybody calls everybody else "pal" in this movie) and is about to be tried for murder when things conveniently straighten out in a few seconds.

Minor Matters

Captain of the Guard, with music by Charles Wakefield Cadman sung by John Boles and Laura La Plante is called a musical romance based on the writing of the Marseillaise by Rouget DeLisle (pronounced Dee Lill

by the cast). It has a great many closeups of John and Laura necking in the garden and singing at each other. To your surprise you discover that "give me liberty or give me death" and "my king right or wrong, my king always" were inspired by the French Revolution. They first called this film *The Marseillaise* but changed the title to save feelings of who don't pronounce it

Worth Seeing

Anna Christie: La Garbo speaks, way down below the bass clef, and the whole world listens.

Disraeli: George Arliss' picture has proved that a truly distinguished actor is never without honor.

The Green Goddess: Again Mr. Arliss, all wrapped up in a Rajah's turban.

Roadhouse Nights: First rate melodrama—never mind the title.

The Rogue Song: Lawrence Tibbett, the opera star, singing resoundingly in a routine opera plot.

Sarah and Son: Ruth Chatterton is really grand in an inferior story.

Seven Days Leave: Beryl Mercer and Gary Cooper do beautifully in Barrie's play.

Song o' My Heart: John McCormack sings about a dozen of his ballads—no story particularly.

Street of Chance: One of the few things the talking screen has done to justify itself within a year—William Powell as a big-time gambler.

The Vagabond King: Effective pagentry with Friml's rousing tunes sung by Dennis King.

Not So Good

Be Yourself: Fannie Brice wasted in a routine movie.

The Case of Sergeant Grischa: The war novel, prettied up to meet the Hollywood ideal.

Lummox: Fannie Hurst's novel with Winifred Westover as the unhappy servant girl.

►► Ivory, Apes and Peacocks ◀◀

By W. R. BROOKS

“WE DOMESTICATE the typewriter,” advertises the company that makes the Remington portable, and covers up the machine with a box on which is stuck a picture of a ship or a coach and four or “the crisp motif of a woman’s head”—“to mask its stark, metallic, office-like efficiency.” Well, we have three objections to this: first, why attempt to appear inefficient in the home? We’d been under the impression, gained perhaps from reading much advertising matter, that efficiency in the home had set American womanhood free, or something like that. Our second objection is that we don’t much like things that masquerade as something else. And our third objection is the same as our first. And if that isn’t enough, we’d like to quarrel with the word “domesticate.” To domesticate is to tame; to change a wild, free nature into a mild and servile one. Whereas, under the masking cover this typewriter is still the same old savage, covertly inimical machine, that snaps at you if you do but relax your vigilance for a moment, and adds commas that change your meaning, and maliciously misspells your most elegant thoughts. We’d give a good deal to know of some way of domesticating our own typewriter, of making it obedient and affectionate. But we don’t believe it can be done by keeping it in a neatly painted kennel with a pretty picture on the outside.

►► “YOU WEAR IT like a watch,” says the maker of Wrist Pact, a tiny compact containing powder, puff and mirror, worn on a ribbon around the wrist.

►► WAFFLES in new shapes, hollowed out to contain fruit, meat or whatever, can be made in the new electric Waf-fil baker. Cleverly named, don’t you think? And we have heard rumors of a doughnut fryer which does away with the kettle of deep fat, although it makes three doughnuts at a time. This we haven’t seen, so we can’t tell you how it works.

►► STEP INTO the dining-room and consider luncheon sets, doilies, etc., in Duralux, a new Dupont fabric, with penciled, two-color border stripes, on orange, blue, yellow, rose and These have soil-proof sides and that can be quickly sponged clean mp cloth.

►► To AVOID the wrangling and snarling and loss of time involved in settling the question: “Whose deal is it?” we suggest the cards which have printed on the backs the words “We” and “They.” Of course if you’re going to be critical, you can say that this is merely pushing the altercation one step back, since there may still be doubt as to which side is the “we” side. But people as quarrelsome as that ought to play solitaire.

►► ANOTHER BRIDGE item is (or maybe we should say “are”) the monogrammed cards in pastel shades—blue, orange, tan, pink, lemon or grey—very good looking.

►► AND ANOTHER—a bridge table of light lacquered metal with a score card under a glass plate in the center of the suede top. Punch a button and the card slides out on a little tray. And there’s a slot in the leg which contains a pencil.

►► AN EXCELLENT KITCHEN table is made with a double top—porcelain-enamel above, wood below. The tops slide, and when both have been slid out all the way, you have a level table surface, twice its original size.

►► THERE IS a well-backed wood veneer paneling which can be applied like wall paper, and finished afterward like woodwork in oil stain, varnish or wax. It comes in 2½ by 6 foot sheets in quartered oak, walnut or mahogany.

►► THERE’S A SWELL pirate chest for children at Schwarz’s, which contains mask, pistol, dagger, earrings, bracelet compass, and everything a proper pirate needs, even to a generous supply of pieces of eight and moidores. Also a radio toy that answers questions with a busy buzz. And an Air Mail Game for air-minded youngsters. And John Martin has blocks designed to teach children elementary French. And at Saks is an eight-player indoor croquet set which packs neatly into a small container.

►► THE BEST IDEA in a new clock that we’ve seen in some time is the two-faced clock to be placed on a night table between twin beds. It is a disk with a face on each side, mounted on an onyx base, and has an eight-day movement. Both sides, of course, are controlled by the same winding key.



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Are you off your golf? Are you truculent at the Bridge Table? Not to say over the breakfast? Are you sunk at the thought of listening to Harry’s best story for the sixteenth tedious time? Don’t worry. It’s all symptomatic . . . You need Gangway Treatment . . . So drag yourself off that downy divan and take the first brave step . . . Walk, run, write or ‘phone the nearest Cunard Agent or office and get the “dope” on the largest cabin fleet afloat or if you wish to be still more economical look up Cunard Tourist Third Cabin.

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►► In This Issue ◀◀

STANLEY WALKER, whose portrait of Ella Boole appears in this issue, is city editor of the *New York Herald Tribune*. Mr. Walker is a native of Texas and a frequent contributor to the magazines.

E. PENDLETON HERRING is an instructor in the Department of Government at Harvard University. Another study of lobbies as a part of the machinery of legislation by Mr. Herring appeared recently in the *Outlook and Independent*.

HENRY ALBERT PHILLIPS is well-known as an author and traveller. For many years lecturer to the Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences, he is now Associate Editor of the *Metropolitan Magazine*. Among his books are *Other People's Lives*, *The Unattended Heart*, and *Meet the Germans*. Mr. Phillips is now making an extended tour of the Far East.

The *Outlook and Independent* takes pleasure in announcing that beginning with this issue the list of most discussed books will appear as a new feature entitled "Outlook Blue Ribbon Books." This list of the best selling volumes, compiled from telegraphic dispatches from representative bookshops in various parts of the country, will appear on a separate page surrounded by advertisements of various books which have appeared on the list.

►► Forecast ◀◀

In Defense of the Spendthrift, by Emily Newell Blair.

The impressive number of votes cast for Coolidge economy shows that the somewhat homely virtue of thrift is still popular in America. Obvious as are the virtues of saving, however, thrift as a policy is today coming in for its share of criticism. Mrs. Blair rises to remark that although the banker's philosophy may lead to power, the spendthrift's may result in the enrichment of life.

Venture in Independence, by C. C. Nicolet.

The growing consolidation of industrial power with its attendant control of a large part of the press has given rise to the fear that the liberal newspaper of opinion is becoming a thing of the past. Although this fear is not entirely unjustified, the success of the *Portland (Me.) Evening News* in one of the very citadels of conservatism shows that the knell of liberal journalism has not yet been sounded. Most essential to the success of such an independent newspaper, the author claims, are a courageous editor and a definite issue. Somehow the formula pleases us.

Land of the Sourdough, by Roy Anderson.

Alaska is so large and so varied, the author feels, that it defies classification. Life on the last frontier, however, although colorful and in many ways unique, does not differ so greatly from life in many parts of the United States as might be expected. One must not be surprised to recognize the familiar hallmarks of American civilization, for the Alaskans drive the same automobiles, listen to the same radios, attend the same talkies, join the same Rotary Clubs and get about the same amount of Prohibition enforcement as the rest of us.

A Bull Market in Bonds, by William O. Scroggs.

The long-expected rise in the bond market finally arrived in March. Since the collapse of the stock market of last November one of the best-known of the bond-market "averages" shows an advance of 7.3 per cent. To speculators accustomed to the more violent fluctuations of common stocks this may not appear impressive. The author considers it exceedingly significant.

At the Bottom, by John Coffey.

In the next instalment of his autobiography, Mr. Coffey describes the lowest moments of his life. Caught by chance for violation of parole, he was again sent to the prison at Blackwell's Island, New York, to serve the remaining part of his term. An ineffectual attempt to escape led to a brutal beating at the hands of his guards and a period of solitary confinement in which he tried to take his own life.

►► From the Life ◀◀

By IBBY HALL

►► Clam-Digger ◀◀

THE GREAT NEWS, coming so unexpectedly, had well nigh done for him. His brother was dead. And he himself was heir to wealth.

He hitched his chair nearer the sagging stove, sucked on his empty pipe and groped down the front of his ragged sweater for a button which had long since departed. Now that he was alone, he and the money, there was a lot of things had to be thought about. But he was an old man climbing on towards eighty, and he couldn't help feeling queer and dazed.

When he had been only a little fellow and let to track along with his elders, digging clams had looked wonderful. The long, zigzagging line of wet beach with the sea gone out, where only a few hours earlier had been innocent blue waters, had looked then like a miracle to him. A world of water, and underneath it a world of clams. When the waters rolled back, bubbles rose up through the wet sand like smoke out of chimneys; whole towns of clams, living down there. He could still feel the suck and drag of wet sand against his prying fingers, the excitement of clutching at last in his small fist the enormous, captured clam.

Hundreds of them, he had thought in those days; there must be hundreds of them. Later on he would have said thousands. Now he knew better; there was no end to them. Now his thumb was as big as his whole fist had been back there, and he didn't have to wait any more for the water to go rolling off the sand; he could wade into it—cold as ice—and feel them out with his bare feet. There was no end to them. There was only an end to him. He'd spent his whole life going after them, and there was no end to them.

He kept feeling up and down his sweater for the button that wasn't there, and sucking on his cold, black pipe, his eyes wandering round the walls of the one room shack.

Well, he'd done what was expected of him. He'd earned his bread, he supposed, but he'd given his life to the clams. When he was a boy he'd figured somehow on a good time coming. When he was a man he'd sort of kept on thinking some day there'd be a woman. But there hadn't ever been a woman. Nor time nor money for anything else. Never anything but the clams. Not even company. Not even a fiddle. He'd

had his bread to earn, and he'd never seen a chance to think it out before.

Now he was a rich man and he could quit. He needn't ever dig another one of them. If he put the money out at interest there'd probably be enough to feed him, what with doing odd jobs here and there. Or he could buy his way into one of these fancy Homes, where there'd be plenty of old fellows like himself to keep him entertained. Or—he squinted intently and stared into the darkening stove as it came over him he could be smarter than that. If he should count it all out, right and proper, and calculate how many years he had left—he could divide it up so's he could go right on living like he was and never dig another clam. One thousand dollars. Three hundred and thirty-seven. And fifty-two cents. He could eat a little more, maybe, and buy him some new pants. More tobacco and a bigger fire.

And a good coffin.

The clam-digger rose suddenly to his feet and looked furtively around the empty room. Who had said that? Something inside his brain had said those words to him. *And a good coffin.* All because he had taken to counting things up. There was no end to things like that once you got to counting them up. Only an end to himself. Soon he would be dead.

Over on the wall beside the bed, his coat was hanging with the money safe inside where he had pinned it tight with seven safety pins. He went over and felt the pocket. Then he took down the coat and put it on. From the table he took up a shapeless cap and pulled it on. Lifting the door to uncatch it, he stepped outside and never looked behind. He was headed for the railroad station.

At the ticket window the station-master leaned forward; "One to the city. Say, I hear you come into money!"

The clam-digger nodded his head and spoke loudly. "An' I'm on my way to blow it! D'ye hear that one? Every copper cent of it. I'll blow until it's gone. Night-clubs and dance-halls, speakeasies and player-pianos, and drinks for all the girls! Every blasted copper."

From behind the stove a crony stuck his grizzled head. "An' when ye are through it, hey? What about it, hey? When it's blowed?"

The clam-digger stepped out on platform as the train rolled in. With hand on the railing he shouted him, "I'll be back again, a-digger!"

With Ella in the Desert

(Continued from Page 567)

gingerale, pour over ice and serve in small glasses.

This is only one of the many drinks which Mrs. Boole believes will wean society folks away from their more deadly potions, once the idea takes hold in a big way. Another of Mrs. Boole's schemes is to revive the old abstinence pledge. Mrs. Boole reports that this splendid "youth movement" has already enlisted 550,000 of the finest, most up-standing, red-blooded young Americans this country ever produced, and the end is not yet.

A many-sided woman, this Mrs. Boole. In her time she has denounced tobacco, but during the War she urged that the home boys consume less tobacco so that the lads in the trenches could have more cigarettes. She also has denounced the giving of prizes at card parties, has disapproved of the institution of white slavery and has insisted that the *Leviathan*, being an American ship, should not sell or serve liquor on board.

It is impossible to ignore one of her most engaging ideas, which however noble in motive, never came to bloom. Immediately after the War, she and another lady went to Paris to help organize the Committee for the Protection of Women under International Law. To put it bluntly, one of the purposes of this committee was to see that women who had "suffered degradation," as the polite phrase has it, at the hands of soldiers be given recognition on the same plane as men honorably wounded in battle. Why nothing came of this idea is still a mystery. Were the heroines too modest, too shy of public acclaim, to accept their wound stripes? Or was there the danger of too many spurious claims? Better forget it. It was a side issue, anyhow. Far better, far safer, it is to carry on the immortal jihad of the white-ribboned hosts against John Barleycorn.

What Makes a Lobbyist?

(Continued from Page 573)

fore the committee would not be permitted. Or if their evidence was desired by the committee the statement could be demanded. A bill authorizing this simple requirement would be enforced almost automatically.

To go farther and to attempt control not only of those who shall interview congressmen but also of those who write literature concerning legislation, means the very aims sought. Such could not be carried into prac-

tical operation; nor would it be desirable to do so. Men are sent to Congress because voters have confidence in their integrity and ability. It is a sorry commentary upon national legislators when bills are introduced requiring a public confession and written explanation from all those wishing to discuss legislative problems with Congressmen. Under this interpretation of congressional integrity the only trustworthy Senator is a dead one. No protective legislation can remove a public servant from the blandishments of private and selfish interests. Still, improvements can be made in procedure that will make it easier for the Congressman to distinguish the honest from the deceptive lobbyist. Since it is at committee hearings that the detailed and careful consideration is given pending legislation it is important that the legislators realize what interests are appearing before them. Who is speaking and why? The answers to these questions are oftentimes of more significance than the testimony proper. This information can be obtained by a registration law applying to all those who seek the privilege of placing their views before congressional committees. If this much is to be accomplished, however, the present definition of lobbying must be greatly narrowed and the pending bills modified.

The experimentation in the states is enlightening in considering the regulation of lobbying. Thirty-two states have laws that in greater or less degree attempt to control the representatives of private interests in their relations with the state legislature. Massachusetts enacted a law in 1890 that has served as a model for much subsequent legislation in other states. Many states added a lobby statute to their books between 1906 and 1909 following upon the investigation of insurance companies in New York when it was rumored that such firms were manipulating legislatures in other states as well. The laws of Wisconsin, New York, Ohio, and Indiana are regarded as the best, though it is highly questionable whether a really effective law has thus far been enacted. From the experience of the states one authority concludes that it can hardly be said that "the problem of regulating lobbying has been solved, or is even under reasonable control." It does not appear that the state statutes are generally enforced. Still, in the case of New York where the requirements are simple and unirksome about one hundred persons annually file the required information. The Wisconsin statute is enforced and is regarded as satisfactory. On the

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whole state lobby laws have not proved a panacea. The bills now before Congress are generally modeled upon the state laws.

In considering this type of legislation a recognition of its limitations is of utmost importance. For a restricted purpose and over a definite group it may prove efficacious. Its sphere is circumscribed by the right of petition that every citizen has upon matters of governmental policy. On the other hand legislators while engaged in law-making have a right to protection from deceptive and insincere lobbyists. An effective regulatory law must regard both aspects of the situation. It is suggested here that the strategic point in the legislative process that may legitimately be safeguarded is the contact between legislator and lobbyist at congressional committee hearings.

Spain Is Not Like That

(Continued from Page 570)

down and held down so effectually, are slowly rising and recreating the old chaos. I have before me press-cuttings of the past few weeks: "Labor Difficulties Now Harass Spain;" "Spanish Republican Calls Future Bright;" "General Amnesty Reported in Spain—All Political Prisoners Will Be Freed Tomorrow;" "Food Riots Cause Concern In Spain;" "Rivera's Patriotic Party Near Collapse;" "Right Wing Party Is Formed In Spain."

Let any one revisit Spain today after an absence of ten years and he will find a miraculous change with concrete examples of modern progress on every side. This is the new Spain created by Primo de Rivera: splendid motor roads to be found from one end of Spain to another, a railway service favorably comparable with any other in southern Europe with 2000 miles of it electrified, the finest telephone service in the world, bar none, great dams for the conservation of water for irrigation and elec-

tric power, improved harbors, canals and waterways, agriculture improved many hundred per cent through the duty-free importation of foreign implements and fertilizers, hundreds of new schools and a compulsory education in a drive to decrease the sixty per cent total of illiterates, new hotels and tourist facilities and a national tourist association with branches in every large town and, finally, a national competitive interest in home-building and home-boosting that often savors ludicrously of the American idea that de Rivera had urged his people to copy.

So I find that no one can sum up the Spain of today without including Primo de Rivera. The question is, will his spirit go marching on? Will his \$600,000,000 campaign for rebuilding Spain roll on of its own impetus without falling again into the quagmire of graft that he had partially stamped out? Will the spirit of the Old Spain that he had partially resurrected—that fine energetic spirit that had once been so upstanding and out-going, filled with such courage, romance and adventure—will that spirit and inspiration be reborn in a living modern force too great to be again enmeshed by a petty political machine of the Fifteenth Century model?

Whatever happens, the really ill, tired and discouraged old soldier with whom I talked in Madrid may be taken literally when he told me, after I had asked him how long he intended to remain Dictator: "Until I have finished the job I set out to do." He hesitated and a slight cloud of pain darkened his wrinkled brow. "But should anything happen before I have finished my job, then Spain will have failed me, more than I have failed Spain."

And that is exactly what happened: Primo de Rivera did not fail; rather, Spain failed him. The newly-established government of General D'Amaso has little more significance than a political emergency or breathing spell.

Dark Emptiness

(Continued from Page 584)

made myself stay and take everything that was coming to me. Nellie never spoke nor moved.

The train stopped at Broad Street Station in Philadelphia. When we reached the street she said, "I'll go home by myself." I tried to give her what money I had except a few dollars but she took only a dollar. Then she got into a taxi and went without another word or look. "Well, I'm glad that's over," I thought, and took a taxi to the theatrical hotel to sell the coats.

The proprietor gave me \$500 for them and I sent half of it to Nellie by a messenger and then went home. No notice had come from the Local Board, so I decided to go to New York. Before going to the train I stopped at Nellie's but the woman who came to the door said she wasn't in.

As soon as I arrived I telephoned to the girl with whom I had corresponded and she came from Brooklyn to meet me. Daily for the next several days we went to shows and danced. When my money got low I went to a New York store and got six more coats. Then I met the girl and we took a walk in Central Park. We came to an obscure spot and sat down. When did I think I'd stop wandering and settle down, she asked. I didn't know; it seemed to be in my blood. Did I ever think of getting married? I didn't; not because marriage wasn't a fine thing, but because it brought children it was the most serious responsibility any one might undertake, and I hadn't yet made myself steady and stable enough for such responsibility. She thought I could do it if I'd try. She looked so sweet and wholesome and was so plainly fit to be a fine wife and mother that I could hardly endure the idea that I was permanently prevented from marrying her or any girl like her. She clung to the subject and talked about several babies she had seen, until I was on the verge of telling her the whole truth about myself. I decided to stop seeing her.

(To Be Continued)

Behind the Blurbs

(Continued from Page 590)

should read Francis de Miomandre's *The Love Life of Venus*⁴. Miles away from the half-gods of Erskine, it has taken the subtle artistry of this Frenchman to touch with delicacy and bring to warm living flesh a goddess who at some time has held sway over all of us, whether to madden, to exalt, to wound or cast down. ❀ ❀ ❀ "Lives of great men" are as likely to remind us of our limitations as of our possible sublimities. Before the terrific determination which carried through such exploits as De Soto's exploration of what are now our southern states we can only gasp in hopeless amazement. Even in retrospect it seems humanly impossible. But in Theodore Maynard's *De Soto and the Conquistadores*⁵ you may read the story of that extraordinary expedition—and also of De Soto's earlier career, he took an important if subordinate

4. Brentano: \$2.50.
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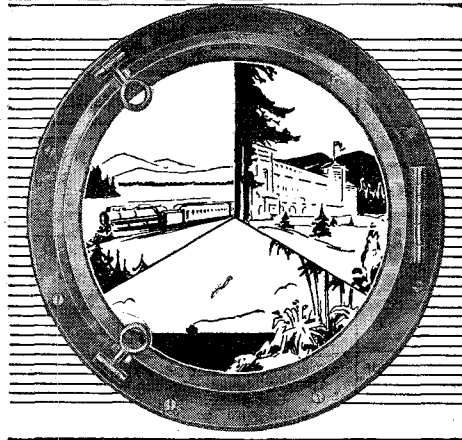


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under Pizarro in the conquest of Peru. Mr. Maynard has rewritten, clearly and with a full sense of its value today, an important chapter in American history. ❀❀❀ Just how incredible careless writing can make even a story based on a setting which actually exists, is shown in *The House of the Vanishing Goblets*⁶, an undisciplined mystery yarn in which a movie director and a star are found dead in the mysterious house which they were about to use in making a war picture. We think it only fair to apply to it a word which the authors apply to practically everything in it: it's goofy. ❀❀❀ If you don't believe Montreal has



Through a Glass Darkly

From the Trend of Events in the Outlook of April 12, 1950

The Wadsworth Bill removing the war tax on amusements was defeated last week in the Senate by a vote of 95 to 1.

The Post Office Obscenity Squad caused the indictment of Mrs. Mary Smith for sending through the mails a pamphlet entitled, "The Stork—an Exploded Theory."

Congress voted a special medal to be presented on behalf of the Nation to Admiral of the Navy Byrd for his exploit in completing a photographic air-map of the mountains of Kansas.

Announcement was made this week that the financing of the merger of the Woolworth—Telantel—Illinois—Central—Cremo—Chevrolet—Roxy Company with the Standard—Cunard—Flit—Westinghouse—Ford—Kuppenheimer—Childs—Edison Corporation is in the hands of the City—Irving—Chase—Shawmut—Mellon—Crocker—Italy Investment Trust, Insurance, Real Estate, Bank and Trust Company.



an underworld, read *Streets of Shadow*⁷ and shudder at the crime and depravity revealed when Lawyer Michael Brent goes down the street called Chat Noir to try to find out who killed Margaret Hilliard and her young man. After being blackjacked, Brent takes a trip through the city sewer system, but emerges to track down that enormous scoundrel Laboeuf, and rescue the pretty Norah. A well spiced dish to set before the mystery fan. ❀❀❀ *Ol' King David an' the Philistine Boys*⁸ is Roark Bradford's second volume of Bible stories as told by a negro. The first volume, *Ol' Man Adam an' His Chillun*, was the source of Marc Conolly's play, *Green Pastures*. Well worth reading for their rich humor.

WALTER R. BROOKS.

6. By the Edingtons: Century, \$2.00.
7. By Leslie McFarlane: Dutton, \$2.00.
8. Harper, \$2.50.



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England

HOWARD HOTEL, LONDON Elegance & Luxury

Every bedroom is fitted with hot and cold water, central heating and telephone. Many bedrooms with private bathrooms and elegant suites. The restaurant serves the finest of foods and wines in the brightest and most attractive of surroundings. The Lounges are spacious and luxurious. Bedrooms from \$2.50. Illustrated Booklets from Outlook and Independent Travel Bureau which will make reservations for you.

NORFOLK ST., STRAND, W. C.

Massachusetts

HOTEL LENOX IN BOSTON

Write to Outlook and Independent Travel Bureau for rates, bookings, and details.

NORTH SCITUATE BEACH, MASS.
Spend your summer at this wonderful beach—fine bathing—safe for children. Charming cottages, furnished for sale and to rent. Photos. 25 miles from Boston's Tercenary Celebration. A. L. WHITTEN, Minot, Mass.

New York

Hotel LENOX, North St., west of Delaware Avenue, Buffalo, N. Y. Superior accommodations. Good meals. Write direct or Outlook and Independent Bureau for rates, details, bookings.

ADIRONDACKS, THE CRATER CLUB ESSEX-ON-LAKE CHAMPLAIN, N. Y. Cottages without housekeeping cares. Excellent table. Moderate prices. Social references required. Send for circular.

SUNSET LODGE, BEACON, N. Y. Enjoy country air, spacious veranda, extensive lawn, excellent food. \$25 weekly and up, make reservations now. Garage, beautiful drives along scenic Hudson. Country Club nearby. CHAS. A. KITTREDGE, M. D.

New York City

Hotel Judson 53 Washington Sq., New York City.
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The Hotel in the most healthy situation. Sunny. Large private gardens. Overlooking Lake Geneva. Tennis. Garage.

-- St. MORITZ Spa. --
Olympia Spas Hotel Metropol. Good cuisine—Running water—Rooms with pension—15 fr. up—Tennis—Golf links, 3 minutes.

Wyoming

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For a Real Vacation
P. O. Ten Sleep, Wyo.—R. R. Worland, Wyo. At the entrance to Ten Sleep Canyon in the big cattle and sheep ranch country at the foot of the Big Horn Mountains. Most hospitable and comfortable place to stay. Pack trips into the wonderful fishing country of the Big Horns. For folders and information, write to GAY WYMAN, The Wigwam, Ten Sleep, Wyoming.

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Featuring Passion Play and Dolomites. Sailing May 3rd and June 28th. **JEANNE PALMER TOURS**
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Tours and Travel

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Real Estate

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Maine

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COTTAGES FOR SALE

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Real Estate

New Jersey

For Sale—**CAMP AT LAKE GLEN WILD**, Near Butler, N. J. Private Lake;—fully equipped and furnished—boats, Out-Board motor, canoe.—Running water, hot and cold; Beautiful woodland, in natural; on the shore, private dock—\$4,500. **F. H. PILLSBURY**, 548 West 23rd Street, New York City. (Phone Watkins 6650.)

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MIDDLE aged man wants agreeable partner with \$5,000—secured by mortgage on New Jersey poultry plant. Living supplied. No poultry work required. 869 Outlook and Independent.

Help Wanted

STEAMSHIP POSITIONS—Europe Orient. Good pay; Experience unnecessary; List of positions free. **BOX 292**, Mount Vernon, N. Y.

Situations Wanted

GERMAN lady wishes to tutor in French and German during part of the summer in exchange for pleasant home in the country. 9388 Outlook and Independent.

A LADY who has travelled much in Europe, speaks fluent French and has specialized in history, wishes to chaperone one, two, or three girls abroad or act as travelling companion to lady; Expert Contract player. References exchanged. Mrs. Florence Irwin, Dobbs Ferry, N. Y.

COMPANION—Refined, experienced, practical woman—adaptable. Protestant. Highest type references. 9392 Outlook and Independent.

INTELLIGENT, refined young woman, age 30, now employed, can swim, ride horseback and drive a car. Position as companion to adult or entire management of home. Will go anywhere. Please state requirements in your first letter. 9395 Outlook and Independent.

SECRETARY, household manager, travelling companion, graduate nurse, 35, efficient with gentleman, or motherless home. References. 9397 Outlook and Independent.

EDUCATED woman desires position as travelling companion. References exchanged. 9399 Outlook and Independent.

DARTMOUTH Senior desires summer position as tutor or travelling companion, in this country or abroad. 9400 Outlook and Independent.

KINDERGARTEN teacher (21) with college degree and experience as camp counselor or desires summer position as story-teller. 9401 Outlook and Independent.

UNIVERSITY graduate (B. A., M. A.) and instructor for two years in European History and Government, will act as tutor or companion, preferably for European travel. Can do stenographic work. 24 years of age. 9402 Outlook and Independent.

UNDERGRADUATE nurse—wishes position with Mental or Tuberculosis patient—(lady) good experience and references. Religion, Protestant. 9398 Outlook and Independent.

WANTED — By middle-aged, refined woman, position as housekeeper—companion. 9404 Outlook and Independent.

HOUSEMOTHER desires position in residence hall for women students. References. 9406 Outlook and Independent.

HOUSEMOTHER—Capable and experienced, wishes position in a preparatory school for boys. References. 9406 Outlook and Independent.

SWISS, cultured lady, seeks position as teaching governess, companion tutor, managing housekeeper, position of trust. Great experience in education; fluently French, German, English, music, handwork.—American references. 9407 Outlook and Independent.

YOUNG woman, Protestant American, experienced private secretary, housekeeper, also hotel, tea and gift shop experience. Can drive car—position for summer or permanent. 9408 Outlook and Independent.

Graphologist

HANDWRITING analysis gives a vivid personal inventory. Send handwriting. Analysis \$1.00. Miss Florence Lyon, Box 289, Quincy, Mass.

Miscellaneous

WANTED—Two middle-aged people wishing permanent home in Heart of Genesee County. Owner has had experience in care of semi-invalids. References exchanged. 9405 Outlook and Independent.

Mart of the Unusual

Harris Tweed Direct from makers. Ideal sporting material. Any length cut. Samples free. Newall, 127 Stornoway, Scotland

OLD IVORY CHESS SETS
I have five wonderful old Ivory sets. Remarkable value. Send for descriptive price list. C. H. BIRD, Bethlehem, Conn.

Schools

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All year school, children 5 to 10 years. Home atmosphere, best mental, physical, and moral care under guidance of experienced teacher—References. Terms, request. Will take charge of children during summer. No. 5246 Outlook and Independent.

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